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## REAL POLITICS

Drummer almost never asks you to do anything political, other than staying true to yourself; which is the most political act you can undertake. But something very important to all of us is going on, and it's imperative that you do something about it.

Senator Paul Tsongas (D-Mass.) has written a letter to all the Senators in Washington announcing his intention to introduce legislation that would ban discrimination in employment based on "sexual orientation." Any Senator can introduce a bill like this, although no one in the Senate has before. But to insure that the Senate passes such a bill, it needs support. Part of the reason Tsongas sent around his letter was to feel out his fellow Senators in hopes of picking up one or more co-sponsors. The more powerful the co-sponsors, the better the chances of passage by the full Senate.

Senator Alan Cranston (D-Calif.) is extremely important. He is the Majority Whip in the Senate and well-respected. In the past, Cranston has exhibited a genuine understanding of civil rights and the rights of gays. He already enjoys widespread gay support in his home state. Alan Cranston could easily become a co-sponsor of Tsongas' Senate Bill, if you give him a little nudge.

Write a letter, or a post card to:

Senator Alan Cranston  
229 Russell Senate Office Building  
Washington, DC 20510

Tell him you wish him to co-sponsor Senator Paul Tsongas' bill prohibiting discrimination based on sexual orientation. Because he is the Senate Majority Whip, he will be receptive to input from every state.

There's no use waiting for someone to introduce a broad-based gay civil rights bill that will cover employment, housing, public facilities, etc. It isn't going to happen that way — at least not in the foreseeable future. Senator Tsongas' approach, to implement a single aspect of gay civil rights legislation, is the most practical. If the bill passes, it will make it easier for future bills to amend the original legislation and broaden its impact.

Timing is very important. Tsongas needs a co-sponsor to introduce legislation in 1980. Californians should remember that Senator Cranston will be up for re-election in 1980. And while he is being clearly polled as the political favorite, now is the time to remind him of his constituency.

One final note: Sign your name and address to your postcard or letter. When Cranston, or your own senator, or Tsongas gets up to explain how many people have voiced their support of such legislation, they have to deal with real numbers of individuals, not the number of unsigned notes they've received. If you can't sign your name, or if you are afraid of doing so; write anyway and explain how your own fear of discrimination makes revealing your identity impossible.

The Publisher and Staff

## MALECALL/Dear Sir:

*DRUMMER encourages readers to write about things they like in the magazine, things they don't like, and ideas for possible new features and articles. DRUMMER will print as many letters as it can, but sometimes letters must be edited for clarity and length. DRUMMER will not publish letters without the name of the sender. However, on request, we will delete that information from the published letter.*

## UNBRIDLED ACOLADES

DRUMMER continues to be the best gay publication around. It offers the hottest pictorials and fiction anywhere. Please continue to have more hot fiction pieces (especially like MR. BENSON and PRISON PUNK). Also, please have more raunchy photos and illustrations from Bill Ward, Domino and Tom of Finland.

Your latest annual, DRUMMER RIDES AGAIN, has to be your best one yet, even better than SON OF DRUMMER. Especially the stories THE QUEER-HUNTER, TOOL PUSHER and PHONE PHUCK. I can't wait for the next one.

While I'm certain that Cavalo has been featured in other issues of DRUMMER, the annual was the first time I had ever seen his work. It's GREAT!

Can you tell me more about him? I really do admire his work and want to find out how and where I can see more. If he can do that to Midnight Cowboy, just think what he could do to Deliverance, Cool Hand Luke, Bloodbrothers, or The Last Detail.

F.J.  
Lubbock, TX

*(Editor's note: You can see a whole new series of Cavalo's work; this time with a sea-pirate theme, in the exclusive photo set available from ZEUS (see ad in this issue). Also, watch for the new magazine, MACH, which will have Cavalo's ROPED AND BRANDED portfolio. And, last but not least, DRUMMER No. 35 will present his most ambitious project, a look at Oriental torture.)*

## JOCK STRAPS

Having been a subscriber to your magazine for a little over a year now and having also snapped up all the available back issues I could get my hands on, I decided it was high time I let you guys know just exactly what I think about DRUMMER. I think DRUMMER is fucking hot! It is the hottest fucking man's magazine on the news stands today and makes all the other so called macho publications look anemic.

When I get home from work and see that familiar envelope on my front steps I get my ass in the house as fast as I can.

The magazine comes out of the envelope with maybe a fast glance at the cover and gets tossed on the bed. I strip bare ass naked, climb into a jockstrap, fix myself a good stiff drink and spread out.

The first time through a new issue of DRUMMER I lick ... I mean look ... at all the pictures. By the time I've done this my drink isn't the only thing that's stiff. I've got a beautiful hot roaring hard on! By now my jockstrap is usually off because it's so fucking tight my balls ache and it's time for drink number two, stiff enough to match my throbbing cock. I go back to page one and read every word on every page and, when I've finished, I've exploded all over the place and have a wonderful sticky mess to clean up. And that, guys, is what I think of DRUMMER.

After all that I hate like hell to lodge a complaint but I've got one. I'm really into jockstraps. I like 'em on me and I like 'em on other studs and I really get off on having hot sex wearing a jockstrap. Now, considering the type of publication you guys are putting out I don't think you have nearly enough pictures of hot, hunky guys in jocks. I think there should be at least three or four in every issue and I also think it would be super fucking hot if you devoted an entire issue to jockstraps and the dudes that wear them. How about it?

A few issues back a guy wrote in with nothing but praise for DRUMMER but lodged the same complaint I did. As I recall he ended his letter pleading for, "More jockstraps, more jockstraps, more jockstraps!" I couldn't agree with this guy more. Come on guys, let's get it on and print a lot more photos of hot studs stripped down and doing their thing in jockstraps!

Rick  
San Francisco, CA

## FAMOUS SADISTS, POR FAVOUR

I agree with all the readers who write to tell you that you have a great magazine, but once in a while I find myself missing the series you used to do — the FAMOUS SADISTS and MORE MOVIE MAYHEM. Continuing pictorials, that is to say. If you have written all there is on the famous sadists in history — or if there just aren't any more sexy stills from those movies — I'll take your word for it; but, then, why not try something new?

Mike  
Elm City, USA

*(Editor's note: We have thought about a series to be called "Great Political Sadists in American History" but no one wanted to write about Nixon, Halderman, et al.)*

More letters on page 63

# DRUMMER

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."  
Henry David Thoreau



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# DRUMMER

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF POPULAR GAY CULTURE

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A person is shown from the waist up, wearing a black jumpsuit that is covered in numerous small, glowing yellow lights. The person's arms are raised, and their head is tilted back. The background is a solid, vibrant blue. The overall effect is one of a person being illuminated from within, creating a striking contrast with the blue background.

# HELLFIRE INFERNO

by JOHN PRESTON  
with Anthony DeBlase

If there had been any doubt about *Inferno*, it ended at 9 pm on Friday night. Not that there had been much question. This was the eighth annual *Inferno*, the S&M event put on by the Chicago Hellfire Club. Over 225 men had gathered around the country to attend the weekend that had been whispered about in leather bars from coast to coast. They had come by invitation only; to get past the front gate some member of the club, or some trusted friend of the club, had to sponsor the guest. This was no come-one-come-all bike run. This was to be serious business.

It must have been the tension that so many men felt that let even the slightest question arise earlier on Friday. Or, maybe it was the setting. There seemed to be too much levity at the registration booth. The run site didn't help: it was an abandoned summer camp somewhere in Northern Illinois. The crowd seemed too friendly, too nonchalant, too frivolous. The setting seemed too light and airy and incongruous with the intention of the weekend. A cafeteria style dinner and a chatty cocktail hour didn't erase the impression. When would it really get going? And who were all these men?

The evening did get a start with a perfectly orchestrated Japanese bondage demonstration. Beautifully built men in striking costumes showed the oriental forms of bondage that had been in use for centuries and carefully, lovingly passed down to westerners. But, maybe it was too pretty. Maybe these men weren't going to produce anything more than what you got at a leather bar in New York or San Francisco on a Sunday afternoon: good socialization and a poor chance at hot sex.

But, at 9 pm the Dungeon opened for the "top men's preview." Just that was a hint; just the idea that the equipment and the setting were so intricate that they needed to be previewed made it obvious that this playroom wasn't for kids. When the masters made their tour, their lingering doubts were swept away by the birthday cake for the Hellfire Club's 13th anniversary: a humpy, naked man, stretched to the limits of his body, his singed hairy torso topped with 13 votive candles, his balls captured in a heavy metal suspension that lifted his mid-section into the air, his whole being vulnerable to their look, their touch, their use, their passion.

*Inferno* had begun.

The run book had warned men to be ready, if they doubted its truth, they now had evidence that the opening statement was real: "We have assembled here to explore S&M, to enjoy those aspects each of us most appreciates, to explore further those that fascinate us, and to better understand those that are a turn-on to others." This was no bike run put on by some pseudo-Rotary Club with gay members, this was S&M.

The large room that became the Dungeon for the weekend was ready that Friday night, ready for the rough use and the violent display and sexuality that everyone had come for. But, the sex was too heavy to allow anarchy; there had to be rules, there had to be agreement before S&M could be allowed to happen at this level.

*"Double check interests before proceeding and immediately observe genuine requests to stop."*





One naked bottom was strung by his wrists to a yoke hanging from the ceiling. His entire head was covered with a leather hood, no opening was left undone for his mouth or eyes. The tall, dark man who walked up to him had him at his mercy. There was no defense. His grasp at the slave's chest was perhaps too hard, too fast, too quick for the young man's experience. A firm hand on the top's shoulder belonged to someone more knowledgeable. "Go slower, work up to it, there's no reason to start there." And the dark man slows down his kneading of the exposed flesh, heightens the sensation, increases the mutual satisfaction. Hellfire Club members are spread through the crowd, soberly watching the action surrounding them. There is someone here for everyone, they know that, and they know that there is a great discrepancy in expertise. Their eyes are keenly watching to make sure no one goes too far, unless the bottom is really willing.

*"We know that all participants in an event such as this cannot be experts. We must all serve as our brother's keepers for his safety and our own. If you see an activity going on that you truly feel is dangerous or that is forced upon an unwilling bottom, please notify a Hellfire member at once."*

On a stage at the other end of the room, a leather clad top is performing with his bottom. The show is attracting the desired audience. The bottom is bound to a whipping post, the top's belt is tracking lines of red welts down the length of his tall, muscular body. Suddenly, the restraints come off, the bottom collapses onto the floor, the top attaches leather cuffs to his wrists and ankles, securing the helpless slave in a kneeling position. He calls for Crisco and, when it arrives, greases up his long, sinewy arm, preparing to fist his subject. Off to a side, another bottom is watching closely, his eyes giving off an intensity of desire that can't be ignored.

*"Some like one-on-one and others like group activities. If you want to join a scene already in progress, don't just butt in — but don't just go away either. Check with the top running the scene and join in or not as he says."*

The top catches the looks coming from the sidelines, he evaluates the new figure, the tone of the muscles, the promise held in the pleading eyes. He nods, the second bottom nods, the top points his greased hand to his boots, the new slave rushes over and falls to his hands and knees, licking the leather while the top returns to the waiting, quivering asshole in front of him.

During that night, more S&M sex takes place in one room than many of these men have seen in the previous year. A heat of fisting, whipping, fucking takes over the air. But, this is no back-room bar where silent, dark, sex is limited to sucking and day-dreams; here there is noise, the cries of men who are living out fantasies that have drawn them hundreds of miles; here there is the noise of leather on flesh laid down as heavily as any man could dare try to take place; there





are the screams of pain/pleasure as surgical needles force their way through the sensitive skin of nipples longing for ownership; here is the sight, even, of blood as master and slave drive one another to newer, higher, levels than they might have thought possible. Here is S&M being practiced in its purest, most real form.

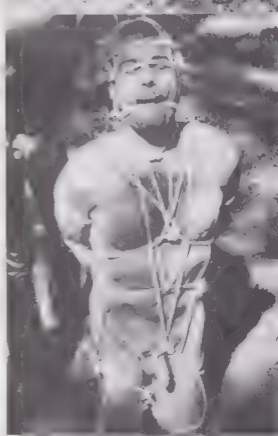
When Friday night is over, there is no longer hesitancy on anyone's part. *Inferno* has begun in earnest, and they know it. Even the breakfast room crackles with the energy of the reality of S&M this weekend as a slave, collared, stripped to the waist in the cool autumn air, eats his mashed eggs from a dog's dish on the floor, oblivious to the looks of interest - and envy - around him.

On Saturday, the daytime hours show another side of the seriousness of the weekend. There are demonstrations of devices and specialties that draw everyone to learn or teach in one of the most unique show-and-tell events ever held anywhere. Some of it purely showing off. There are bondage contests where esthetics are as important as hard-ons. There's an almost carnival air to a piss-drinking contest where a group of tops contribute their morning's output to a flavor judging by a self-selected group of bottoms. The Windy City Wrestling Club puts on a demonstration of their fun and games that really is the only thing the whole weekend that makes sense in the summer-camp surroundings.

But, some of it isn't just fun times for the participants. Some of these men have earned techniques and have found equipment that no one else really knows how to use. There are fantasies, the idea of putting the fantasies into reality is perhaps too harsh for most people. At an Electrical Devices Demonstration a naked demonstrating body is subjected to increasing doses of shock as the differences in cattle prods are displayed by the reaction he makes to the touch on his genitals and chest. A hand generator's terminals are applied to his balls and ass and tits as the teacher begins slowly and then revs up the machine - the very same devices used on Algerian and Brazilian revolutionaries years before are now toys for the masters.

Later, an expert from California will demonstrate the different techniques for piercing tits and will show his own cock's many metal decorations to a privileged few. And, then there will be a flogging demonstration.

The fantasy of the whip is one of the strongest in gay S&M. A willing victim is shackled to a saw-horse and his naked ass is used to show the effects of an incredible spectrum of leather, rope, wire and rubber bludgeons. The knowing teacher carefully lectures the assembled group on the need to know, to understand, the effects of what's being used on the human body. "Try it on your hand first!" he yells, slapping his open palm with a cat-o-nine tails. "And, never, ever, think that the human body can take this," he picks up a long, vicious bull-whip, snapping it expertly in the air. "This might be a great fantasy, but it has no use on the human body. It can maim!"





There seems to be no limit to what can be dealt with at *Inferno*. There certainly is no limit that says the S&M demonstrations need to be purely physical — there is a psychological aspect to S&M that gets its full share. A military man, his rank and service a secret to the people who need to know, takes a bottom out from his audience and puts him through the rigors of training, showing the watching crowd the subtleties of each service's secrets. The wincing bottom shows the strain of standing at attention, learns the correct way to yell back "Sir, yes, Sir!" to every command, has his body and his mind humiliated in front of the whole crowd. "That's how we make 'em do what needs to be done," crows the instructor when he's finished.

The Saturday night cocktail hour is not frivolous. The drinking and the conversing have more to do with this second night's activities. Everyone in the camp has learned that the Dungeon has been changed. The Hellfire Club members have so much equipment at their disposal that they have removed all of last night's devices and have redone the torture room. The tops are hot with anticipation of the new areas they can explore. The bottoms are trying to decide what they can take. Can they really satisfy the leather man who's satirizing in the corner? They saw what that other top did last night, would he want to repeat himself with them? And, more, are they hoping he will?

Outside, one solitary leather man waits. Soon, silently he is joined by two slaves, each gulping with fear/hope about his commands. They have been told to meet here an hour before the Dungeon will open. They can only suspect that they will serve as the starters for the evening — just as the other slave had been the birthday cake the night before. People watch from inside the party room as the two of them strip off their shirts and have hoods wrapped around their heads. The audience begins to understand more when the two pairs of hands are cuffed behind the slaves' backs. They wonder what is going to happen to the two men as they are led, bound, gagged, blind folded over to the Dungeon an hour before it was supposed to be open.

Later, they will all know that the two slaves were brought into the room, each wordlessly led to a rack where they were spreadeagled. Their senses had been totally cut off. Their imaginations could barely anticipate the reality they were to encounter. At a motion from the top, off came their blindfolds, and in front of them were four men in leather, carefully, silently, purposely inspecting the bodies in the racks, getting ready to begin the second night of *Inferno*. If anyone in the neighboring building wondered what might be waiting that night, the yells that came from the Dungeon as leather hit flesh could only have intensified their curiosity.

When you've gone to *Inferno*, there are certain things that have to happen to your mind. There are prejudices which have to disappear, whole areas of fantasy that are suddenly opened to you, fields of activity are within your grasp as you find a whole group of men willing, able, and



anxious to meet your most outrageous desires - or, at least, desires you had thought were outrageous.

There are men in other cities who are as heavily into S&M as the members of Hellfire, but they are not as organized, or as visible as the Chicago group. They exist as a quiet network, an underground at most. You could find them, your easiest entry probably would be classified ads in a publication like *Drummer*. But, it's not easy. And, if you are really interested in S&M as a lifestyle, a way of sexual relating and physical knowledge, you are probably going to go through some frustrating times trying to find your man in even the most famous leather bars.

Hellfire exists mainly as a Chicago club. It was founded 13 years ago as a society of men who found S&M to be something to learn about, teach one another about, demonstrate. They wanted more than they could get picking up random tricks in bars. There were 13 original members. Now, there are over 20 Chicago based full members, they've acknowledged about another 20 Windy City men as their "Friends" and nearly 30 men in the rest of the country as their "Associate Members."

This is a time when leather has become a fashion and simple part of a clone costume on Castro or Christopher Streets. Bike clubs are often social groups that don't even care if their members own motorcycles.

Leather bars are written up in society columns and S&M has become chic. Possibly the only badge of a gay man who is seriously into S&M that's left is the Hellfire patch on the back of a leather/denim man. It is a seal of approval given carefully to men who have demonstrated not only interest, but also action in realms of S&M that are most often left to fantasy. The Hellfire Club is not interested in style; it is interested in substance.

*Inferno* is held in the first weeks of September every year. During the other months, the Club holds two meetings a month: one social and one business. Invitation to *Inferno* or to any of the other club activities is strictly by invitation only. If you seriously want to make contact with this group, a letter to Chicago Hellfire Club, Suite 804, Box C-40, 323 South Franklin, Chicago, IL 60606 is your only chance. Unless, of course, you already know a member - but don't realize it.





#### COMING UP

**ORDEAL ON THE RACK** Subjecting a volunteer member to the raw and take of this experience.

**GETTING A CHARGE** A session connecting the Club's stimulating electrical apparatus to the lucky subject.

**UNIFORMS** Their function with the

organization after being modeled from the nation's most sadistic police department.

**THE PRISON** Complete with authentic bars for holding slaves is prior to their use.

**PUNISHMENT** Bare-assed, out in the open for all to enjoy. Willing slaves

begging for more.

**THE MARINI DRILL SERGEANT** Putting a recruit through his paces.

John Preston continues his report on the **HELL FIRE CLUB** in the next issue of **DRUMMER**. Besides expanding on the themes in part one and exposing several



new ones to boot, Mr. Preston examines the philosophy of the organization, the inter-workings of the group, and the social interactions of the members.

Return to the public in this issue will decidedly be a factor in covering this exclusive and no-nonsense organization.

**NEXT ISSUE PART TWO**





# COCK SUCKING AS A METAPHOR

JOHN ROWBERRY  
on the subject of  
JOHN  
RECHY

photo by Tony Karady/Sygnia



The first time I read *Rushes* straight through in a single uninterrupted flow between dusk and midnight, I was convinced that while he had written a fine and powerful novel, John Rechy had not written the great work I expected. Coming a full two years after the devastatingly prophetic *Sexual Outlaw*, this eagerly awaited novel of real life seemed too pat, too effortless to induce a gay philosophical revolution. This subjective conclusion stemmed mainly from scant action and handful of characters; the single overwhelming literary device. We have learned to expect even from philosophers in the twentieth century, massive revelations entwined in a myriad of symbolism and metaphors. We expect, because homosexuality crosses all bound-

daries, a philosophy that expands beyond the legacies of Sartre and Jung and Freud and the unceasing Masters and Johnson. We expect a laser didactic that devastates their exclusionary and at best, damning propositions. And perhaps because Rechy's own monumental *City of Night* was followed by smaller, quicker works, we expect that one day a heavyweight volume, something akin to Rand's *Atlas Shrugged* in stature, would be the feast Rechy had spent 16 years formulating.

The second time I read *Rushes*, a languid span of afternoon and evening a day before I was to confront the elusive author for a few hours' conversation, I began to detect an almost whispered undercurrent throughout the novel that spoke a much more intense anxiety. By the time I reached the final chapter (itself perhaps his most profound and powerfully written) I realized how necessary the second, closer reading was to understanding what *Rushes*, and ultimately John Rechy, was about. What emerges is a straightforward dialectic that delineates in a concise manner the heart of our social ill. In a word, contempt.

## PRAY BY NUMBERS —

"Here at the *Rushes* all that counts is sexual power, and it radiates from between the legs, raw naked cock and sex; that's what rules here. And what the fuck? Outside it's another kind of power that reigns. Why should it be any different here?"

Ches/Rushes

*Rushes*, the bar, is typical of a growing number of bars in gay America. The natural child of the heterosexual pick-up bar (itself the natural child of the gay cruise bar), the *Rushes* is one of those barely maintained, probably heterosexual-owned, leather-vested-macho bars where the action takes place outside, or in the alley, or across the street; but the cruising happens within.

Officially, it may or may not have a dress code. The regular patrons, an assortment of cliques and a mass of transient unknowns, establish a flavor and reputation by their silent compliance with the unstated desires of each other. To conform to a masquerade of super-masculinity. Butch queens, cowboys, construction workers, grunts and privates, bikers; even the more esoteric uniform wearers. Occasionally a simple, short-haired, semi-muscled torso rising out of a fairly new pair of blue jeans.

There is a behavior code, equally unofficial. You talk to the people you know from the other world, and conversation is limited when it can be overheard. Conversation with strangers is a grunt, a nod; modified and refined to the ritual of sexual courtship that demands a look of non-interest as a calling card. Conversation is replaced with visible symbology. Keys, bandanas, cockrings, earrings, handcuffs — other ornaments that remove all but the final question: Where?

You stand around, posturing your sexual inclination. covertly, you read the signals from the clothing and accessories of the other men in the bar. You strict rules of sexual conduct, a part of which

is to whom you will allow your eyes investigation, demand little or no verbal exploration. You never look directly at anyone unless you know them, or unless it is to visually dominate them. A pseudo-sexual domination. You walk deliberately to the various stations of the room. The bar. The toilet. The door. The cigarette machine. The pool table. You might nod at last night's or last week's trick — you may speak, chances are you won't.

Among your private coterie of intimate friends any conversation is allowed that does not, by its volume, disclose truths behind the mask of the sexual stereotype you have assumed.

You might pass from a knot of friends to stand alone for a while in some remote corner of the nave. You might spend an entire evening among your own kind, letting only the occasional indirect glance ferret out possible sexual conquests. If you have made a fragile contact with another stranger, and if your inner sense tells you he will follow, you might leave a bar like the *Rushes*, unannounced, alone — waiting just beyond the door, on the street, where it is safe to solicit and proposition.

If you and the people you know and the people you might never know that frequent such a bar have followed all the proper rules of macho gay behavior, you will notice this. Beyond the ever-present crash of repetitive disco music that fills the space between the bodies in the bar, the only other human sound you are likely to hear is a hollow laughter erupting from unspecified mouths for brief bursts.

## BONDAGE AND DEVICE

"The former sissies have developed a rough, bruised beauty, as clearly homosexual as drag contrived, studied, Unreal increasingly alike. Endore sees. There is a new conformity, a marked sameness among the men of this sexual army — not only in the uniform, the cut of the hair, the stance, not even in the strange laughter in common, no, it is in a look not quite etched into the faces — a new look of defiance and disdain, but aimed at their own, of hurt defiance, terrified disdain. With it there seems to be a vulnerable hostility. In groups men remark brutally, coarsely — like buyers at an auction — about others walking by alone, coarsely if approving, brutally if not. Yet in a second an unhealed scar is brushed among them, and angered pain bleeds out. The new masculinity is doomed to bouts with the tenuous vulnerability. At recurrent moments especially when liquor slackens control, the forced rigidity snaps like the enigmatic break in the laughter. Poised tensely, the hard pose tilts, falls, shatters.

Endore/Rushes

The *Rushes*, the bar, sits between semi-industrial buildings on New York's decaying waterfront. It is like an obscene magnet that attracts the unresisting chrome studs and buckles of sexual human moths. There are a series of pornographic panels painted around the cavernous bar, each illustrating a par-

ticular torture or cruelty that might be the bill of fare of anyone who enters on any particular night.

Into the *Rushes*, on the night of this book, a series of people, all who know each other in the other world, come to act out a ritualistic part of their existence. They are Endore, a writer, who once cloaked himself in the guise of the leatherman and, having abandoned it still feels compelled to revisit, indeed, rejoice the burial ground of his sexuality. Chas, the high priest of leathermen, muscular, masculine, tough, hard radiating nothing but pure sexual power, BFI, young, attractive, visually the clean-cut bottom who could as easily be the local disco superstar; and who comes to a bar like *Rushes* because he wants to possess sexually the images that he can not attain. Don, who is not even in the *Rushes* contention of competition, who faces rejection at baths, in discos, in back alleys — and who comes here because the humiliation of rejection is a surrogate lover. Martin, who comes to the *Rushes* out of the most honest impulse, his acknowledged contempt for the men of the world of *Rushes* everywhere; for men importantly out of his contempt for his homosexuality.

Martin does not come alone. Into this nefarious sexual playground he



brings a woman, the most contemptible person here imaginable. The woman, Lyndy, comes only to indulge her hostility for men who would rather other men than her vision of herself. She is typical, of a legion of women in such places; self-proclaimed decadents who wish, superficially, to be 'amazed' as a panacea for their other world existence.

These people all know each other on the outside. In other places, in the reality of daylight, their conversations would be radically different. There might be a pseudo-honesty about them; a demisincerity conveyed in polite social or business gatherings. Here, where they are exercising individual demons, their banter is designed as scorn or to patronize; occasionally both.

Against this backdrop the men of the Rushes move like robed attendants throughout the few hours they will spend doing a particular penance. And into this ritual heresy catalytic initiates enter. They are Robert, who has been denied the coming out of a rural pasture with a lifelong chum for his first night in the Rushes, Tim, his brother, who routinely hustles in the street of the Rushes, unaware of Robert, unaware of his own sexual excitement over the image of the man kneeling to blow him or the ceasing exchange of dollars for orgasm. Roxy, a transvestite, and her friend Elaine, a black woman — who have demanded sanctuary in the Rushes from a prowl of street punks, queer bashers, who loiter in the dark outside.

While the characters appear to make natural alliances, there are, in the final analysis, no alliances in the Rushes. Each is trapped in an attract/resist posture that neither alleviates nor destroys directly. Instead, each encounter, each night, deepens unhealable wounds until, inch by inch, humans are worn down into nubs of once bright illuminating candles. Only then, when all but the spark of life has been corrupted, can doomed men find some final vent.

When it comes, and while it utterly destroys some, it cleanses the destroyed; offers a possible resurrection to the remaining nubs of integrity.

Rushes becomes euthenics by crystallizing decades of learned gay social evolution into a single night. Drama imitates Life. Life that is the manifestation of ubiquitous self-contempt. It's a rigged device. The casual reader can come away feeling only the slightest iota of remorse. Unfortunately.

## STRUCTURE AND DISCIPLINE

"So fucking superior to it all, Endore Looking down on me because I'm into S&M. Openly. Man, remember that. And proudly. Openly and proudly, man. You deny it, Endore, but to sacrifice yourself to another — to accept that sacrifice — that is the greatest 'love', if you want to call it that. How much will you do for it . . . for love, huh? And how much will you demand of it?"

Chas, Rushes

After the publication of *Numbers*, in 1969, John Rechy ceased to give his audience the cheap thrill that gained him half his readers, the literary erection. As he began to demand more of himself as a writer, he began to demand the same of his audience. Two of his following books, *This Day's Death* and *The Fourth Angel*, would zero in on singular aspects of the life he was ultimately chronicling and attempt to pry into the readers own psyche via intimate analogies. The specters of adolescent sexual trauma and the power of the police over the homosexual man were themes slightly ahead of their time to a still awakening gay revolutionary movement. And while Rechy was writing tracts for that very movement by the time he acknowledged it, in *The Sexual Outlaw*, the movement itself had taken a turn or two toward the worse.

*The Sexual Outlaw* was an easy book to denounce by the Responsible Gay Leaders of 1972. Its celebration of promiscuity, its absolute rejection of heterosexual standards being imposed on a willing gay population were battle cries that were answered with severe censure and prolonged debate.

The daring literary prophet of the 1960s, who had, in *City of Night*, made the homosexual an identifiable personage, and almost elevated the hustler to folk-hero status, became the disposed corruptor of all that the new gay political right felt was achievable — marriages sanctioned by the state, jobs without fear or homophobic reprisal, the ability to ghettoize thousands of gay men and women in over-priced, under-maintained

apartment buildings, the luxury of an occasional invitation to a political fund-raiser at election time by the progressive, liberal, heterosexual politician Rechy, with his confrontational tactics of cocksucking as a metaphor for political disobedience was seen clearly as a threat, to be rooted out, exposed, denounced, repudiated.

He, who had a decade earlier been the passport for a whole sea of still unpolitical homosexuals became anathema. The accord awarded him was as sparring partner for every self-appointed responsible gay leader who wanted to debate him on the merits of tea-room sex in a sexual integrated homo/hetero non-sexual society. The epithets hurled were these: cocksucker, hustler, parasite, corruptor, defiler, recruiter, radical, anarchist, fascist. Worse, betrayer. Betrayer of the great homosexual dream — to be straighter than straight. To be the very apple of every red-blooded American father's eye, to be the boy next door indistinguishable from the straight boy next door, perhaps even in the privacy of the bedroom.

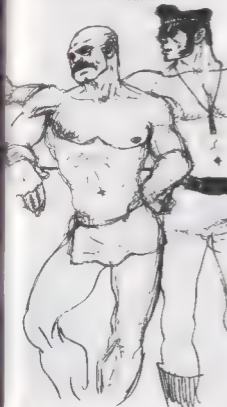
With *The Sexual Outlaw*, Rechy defined his literary voice. The passion of *City of Night* was tempered with restraint. The physical ritual of *Numbers* became a literary structure of texture, sense, identity-transfer. The pure prose of his fiction became lyrical without dipping into the saccharinely poetic. The pacing, style, resolution were at their best. In fact, so subtle was the novel of *The Sexual Outlaw* that the protesters could only recall the one-shot of pure essay, forgetting completely the delicate thread that wove the whole book together.

With *Rushes*, he has defined those structures into a more complex, but even more rewarding achievement, the novel of perspectives. Each character carries with him or her a unique point of view to the whole, each sub-character drawn as the space between the major characters. The overall structure of *Rushes* is simple: the litany of the mass. Perspective and structure combine; neither would work without the other.

Over this steel reinforced frame, Rechy drapes a delicate mood that both allows his characters to flourish and his structural device to contain both the novel and the dialectic. And while it is a hard-edged work, it is unquestionably his finest writing.

Rechy has again written slightly ahead of the time. And like all good prophets, the vision of nihilism and death he paints is intended to prompt reasonable intellectual response from his viewers. But, because in *Rushes* he confronts many of the elements he only touched upon in his earlier work, a host of readers are prepared to reject out of hand even the prophecy of the fictionalist.

In *Rushes*, Rechy comes to the final confrontation between integrity and contempt; because for Rechy all gays are confronted at this crossroads. And because *Rushes* is intended as a warning, Rechy is telling the reader that the trend of gayism is evolutionary. You will recall from biology class what happens to a species that does not evolve.





# The Gage boys are rolling again with

## L.A. TOOL & DIE

BY MICHAEL KEARNS

*"I don't trust ANY of the tastes of people who were born with such good taste that they didn't need to find their way through trash."*

*Pauline Kael*

NEVER A MILE AWAY (Calvin Casey Donovan) Culver starred in a Wakefield Poole film whose title was unabashedly derived from a popular gay-themed play. The movie, *Boys In The Sand*, and the star became legends in the league of male hardcore pornography.



At the same time Cal made his porn screen debut, I was a serious student of acting at the Art Institute of Chicago where visions of Hollywood danced in my head. After seeing *Boys In The Sand* there were also visions of Casey Donovan, so clean, sanguine, boyish. Looking back I realize that a porno star was one of my first positive role models.

Several years later, Joe and Sam Gage became a team, which resulted in a trilogy depicting the gay blue collar worker reveling in sexual emancipation. The star of these adventures, Richard Locke, brought another personality to the screen: a dramatically dichotomous blend of muted macho and sexy softness. Unlike Cal's winsome boy, Richard emerged as a willful man. Playing with and against the stereotype that his swarthy and bearded appearance indicated, Locke is as comfortable on bottom as he is on top. Another positive role model.

The films, *Kansas City Trucking Co.* and *El Paso Wrecking Corp.*, made other breakthroughs. Cinematically, they gained artistic momentum with each frame. Palatable storylines developed. Ethnic groups, men over forty, unpretty men without perfectly pumped pulchritude were glorified.

I am struck by the politics of pornography. These men - from pioneer Culver to folk hero Locke - personify on celluloid what we demand on our T-shirts, the human right of sex between consenting adults. Yet the genre of gay photography is looked upon as being trashy.

Translated literally this means that the films have been "of little worth" and implicates anyone involved as "a worthless person." Rubbish.

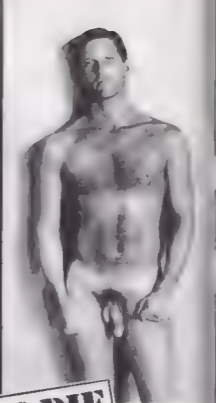
There have been many adjectives used to describe my career but the one that recurs with dramatic frequency, like a dreaded nightmare, is *trashy*. It is a term I earned by taking off my clothes and shrieking obscenities in *The Dirtiest Show In Town*, writing a lurid paperback called *The Happy Hustler*, and spending most of *Tubestrip* handcuffed to a pool table, drenched in shaving creme with a jonquil up my ass.

But I'd never appeared in a porno movie. When Joe and Sam Gage asked me to contribute to the third entry of the trilogy, I immediately responded affirmatively.

The general reaction among my friends is that I've completely lost my mind. *You can't afford to do porno. No one will ever take your acting career seriously. Haven't you done enough to wreck your career?*

I've calmly answered, thanks to Ms. Kael, that I'm simply finding my way through trash.





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# Part Six Of **MR. BENSON**



**BY JACK PRESCOTT**

Mr. Benson had never mentioned the party, I knew about it only from Rocco. We had assumed that I would be taken along. On Saturday, I kept waiting for Mr. Benson to say something. The later it got, the more excited I became — I thought Mr. Benson must be planning to spring it on me as part of a sex trip — and Mr. Benson's sex trips were always

a joy.

Finally at about nine o'clock that night, he called me over. "You know by now that trust is the cornerstone to a good S&M relationship don't you? And you've learned to trust me, haven't you?" I nodded to both statements. "Go over to the coat closet and bring out the packages."



Black

Puzzled, but still convinced this was all part of a scene, I went to the storage area and pulled out three bulky store packages. I took them over to where Mr. Benson stayed sitting. "Open them."

I took off the three covers in rapid succession, my head swam in a wondrous wave of leather scent. The boxes were

full of black skins. What was this?

"Put them on, Jamie."

Leather! Mr. Benson had bought me leather. I ripped the clothes out of their containers and pulled on a pair of wonderfully tight pants that lifted my jockstrapped crotch up into an enticing lump. I fell on the floor and struggled to pull the heavy engineer boots over my feet, and then back up again to slip on the black jacket, my chest skin contrasting with the ebony of the leather.

"There's more." I went through the paper packing material and my hand found a leather motorcycle cap.

Mr. Benson was enjoying my enthusiasm. "Go look at yourself in the mirror." I bolted over to the full length glass Mr. Benson keeps in his room. The image was striking. I thought again about how much I had changed in the past few months. There I was, a black knight, just like the ones I used to chase. With one difference: from the right side of the leather pants and from the right shoulder of the jacket came a short, but heavy loop of chain. The symbols of my clothing were to be as permanent as the life I was leading.

Mr. Benson had followed me in and circled me, pulling at a band here, feeling the fit of the jacket there. "It's much better than I would have thought. It was a risk to have it made without a fitting, but you look fine just fine."

"Come back into the other room, I want to talk to you about something."

When we were back, I stood in front of him and listened to his orders. My excitement quickly faded.

"You know what I just said about trust? Well, Jamie, I'm going to ask you to do something this weekend that involves a great deal of trust, Jamie, I'm going to give you some money. I want you to go away until Tuesday morning. Think of it as a vacation. Take a room in a nice hotel. Live off room service if you want. But, I don't want you here."

Who ever heard of a slave using room service? I didn't like the sound of this one bit. Suddenly clothes — so what if they were leather — and a ticket to leave. This had to have something to do with that blond number the other night. But what could I say? No? What would happen if I rebelled and wouldn't leave. The answer flashed through my mind as quickly as the question had. I would be thrown out.

I was in a jam. Trust, he said. He was the master. Why wasn't I trusting him? Was I deep down inside just another jealous fairy? I knew that that's what he'd think. I gave into the feelings inside me that wanted to resist.

"You want me to leave, right now?"

"Yes," Mr. Benson almost looked concerned. "Jamie, you just have to trust what I'm doing. I know best. Go on a holiday, have a good time, and come back on Tuesday."

I couldn't keep the tear from coming out the corner of one eye. I was jealous. And I knew, I just knew... this had to do with that model. But, I had little choice. And I tried to conjure up as much as I could of the emotions that had led me to this place — a slave standing in front of his master.

He gave me an absurdly large amount of money and rang for the elevator. "You'll understand when it's all done, Jamie," he said as the door opened on our floor. "Yes, sir," I mumbled to him, and nodded a slight greeting to Tom.

As the cage went down the building, I turned to Tom, and asked "Do Mr. Benson's slaves ever get holidays, Tom?" The big black man smiled and said, "Boy, no slave of Mr. Benson ever had any time off I know of. You must be doing something right!" Or something very wrong, I thought to myself.

It had been weeks since I had been let out of the apartment. I hit Fifth Avenue and suddenly realized that I was free to do anything I wanted. There had been no restrictions imposed, no taboos. I could go anywhere, say anything, see anything. I panicked. I hadn't made those decisions for weeks. What was I going to do? Where was I going to go?

I needed a place to spend the night. My new life had taken over so completely, that I almost didn't notice peoples' stares at me as I walked down the Avenue. I had to stop for a minute to remember that a man in full black leather wasn't always an everyday occurrence. Where would I stay the night with this outfit? Shit, if I was going to be put out of my own home with a wad of money, I might as well enjoy it. I'd go to a hotel. A good hotel. But not in these clothes.

I thought for a minute, and then hurried over to Seventh Avenue, hoping the leather stores would still be open. I was lucky and found one. I was luckier to have had enough sense

control to ignore the stares that had followed me cross town. The closer I got to Seventh Avenue, the more interested they became. I decided I had better stop at 7th—people would be more than just interested if I got too close to the River.

In the store, I found what I had wanted—a tan uniform shirt and a black leather tie. I took them off the rack of the store and put them on as I paid for them, using a small mirror on the counter to do the tie. It was still heavy leather, the clerk's interested glances kept me aware of that, but it would also probably get me past a few doormen. I was hoping that jaded New York would see the leather pants as chic, and be willing to acknowledge the tie as the necessary part of a passable dress.

I had been so anxious to get to the store before it closed and to find the right things there that I hadn't paid any attention to the other people in the shop. And I had only paid the least possible attention to the clerk.

"That's a good look, kid." His voice was deep and laced with a slight accent, Italian? I took my gaze away from the mirror and turned to him. What a hunk. Deep black eyes, thick black hair, a rough shaved beard and a heavy moustache flowing down over his upper lip. The sleeves of his red flannel shirt were rolled up over hair covered forearms, heavy with muscle. I looked down and saw an impressive link in his tight faded jeans, unaccompanied by a condom, chips and his car keys. That was the only link in the hold-locks on the left side of his waist.

It was a shame that I had then so concerned with Mr. Benson's strange behavior and then so worried about time, that I hadn't really prepared myself for this. Did I want it? Was I going to avoid it? What should I do? I blurted out a quick thanks to buy time, it only got me a long stare as his eyes went up and down my body, slowly sizing it up. "The store closes in about half an hour, want to meet me for a drink?"

I stuttered and stammered and finally answered with a shrug. "Sure." This was supposed to be a holiday.

I left quietly after he gave me the name of the nearest leather bar. My concerns about not going beyond Seventh Avenue into the men of the black leather night evaporated with the coming of a wave of sex thoughts. This was like the first night after I had met Mr. Benson and had tried to find a substitute when he had declared me unfit. I only hoped that this guy was going to be a more successful adventure than Larry and his gleaming white jockstrap and his fantasies of buddy fucking.

In the familiar bar, I got a drink and stood against the wall. I thought of how relieved I was not to have to go to places like this anymore. It was just another way that living with Mr. Benson had proven to be important to me. Going out and looking for sex was something I no longer had to do. Well, tonight, anyway, sex was coming looking for me.

After nearly two months' absence, the bar looked good to me. Even this early at night. The flannel and leather costumes were familiar. It was actually fun to watch them all and to think of each of them as they went through their moves to circle and hunt one another.

I had been cocky before I met Mr. Benson, but I also know that my cockiness was a cover for a deeper sense of inadequacy. I hadn't really felt that I was attractive enough for all these men. But now, with the assurances of weeks of Mr. Benson and the tight grasp of the leather pants on my shaven crotch and the prospect of a stud coming to meet me soon, now I had more assurance. I didn't have to wonder if these men were looking at me. If Mr. Benson would look at me and keep me, then I was worth it. And the nude skin of my body moving against the cool surface of the leather made me more aware of my sex than I had ever before. I stood there in that bar that night and I knew I was hot.

Something else familiar started to go through my mind. I was starting to anticipate the man who had told me to meet him here. Just as I had spent so much time waiting for Mr. Benson that night in the Mineshaft, now I played out all my hopes and fears for the new man. What would his crotch be like? What would his prick be like? Cut? Long, loose foreskin? And his body hair, would it cover his ass as thickly as it obviously did his chest? And what would he want from me? What did he think when he saw someone like me covered in leather with a link of chain hanging down the right side?

I started to think more and more about the man and less

and less about Mr. Benson. That realization startled me. I felt that I was failing somehow. How could I forget Mr. Benson so easily? Did it mean I didn't care for him as much as I had thought?

The sudden appearance of the clerk swept away my idle thoughts. There he was, a heavy motorcycle jacket over his large body, the black of the jacket and the chains highlighting even more the triangle of bulge in the denim clad crotch.

He waved a greeting and went straight over to the bar. Familiar tension shot through my body and I stood up, waiting for him to come over to me. What had I gotten myself into? I was surprised when he walked into the back, when he had the beer can from the bartender. Was I supposed to follow? Or was he just making a last trip to the john? I decided to wait. The tension started to produce a flow of sweat from my pits, the moisture heightened the odor of the leather.

Only a few months ago I wouldn't have known what this was about. I would have been insulted by a trick who so casually took me for granted. But, now I understood. The probability was that this guy was leaving me standing there on purpose. Putting me in my place.

When he returned I flashed a smile at him and started to exchange greetings. There wasn't going to be a pleasant social exchange, though. He held out a second can of beer. I hadn't seen him buy two. I was thrown off by his cold stare, and by the beer. I took hold of the can and was shocked by an unexpected warmth coming from the metal. I looked up at him. "I like to get things settled as soon as possible," he said. "No reason to play games."

He leaned back against the wall and looked over the room, leaving me with the silent and secret humiliation of his piss in the can. I stood there, my head hanging down, letting the feelings sink in. Slavement, I drank from the new can, the fluid stung as it went down my throat. The acid flow burnt its way into my stomach. Slavement, drinking piss.

His hand came over and gripped at my ass, pulling me to him, my crotch was pressed against his leg, he was still looking out at the crowd, not even glancing at me. The hand went down inside the leather pants and grasped the shaven ass. The sudden contact with the nude skin finally got me a look from him.

"No more, all right?"  
No, Sir  
"Kneel."

I went down on my knees. I didn't look up to see if any eyes followed my descent. My head had gone into the space created for it by Mr. Benson. I sipped more from the hot can.

A collar came around my neck. From where? How had he known to bring it? Or was he one of those men who always have one—just in case? The leather tightened around my throat, a leash at its end gave slight pressure to its grip.

It had all become so natural. To be there, displayed to the rest of the world. It had become part of me. I was once again waiting for a man to decide what he was going to do with me.

The bar scene was only a prelude. I knew that. If this guy was putting that much work into setting a mood, there was no hope that the mood was all I was going to get. My crotch rose higher against the leather, filling with its own hopes and dreams about what was to follow.

When he had finished with his beer, the man was obviously ready to move on. He tugged at the leash and led me out of the bar. Even the Village, even the most gay part of New York, isn't ready for two leather studs walking the street with a leash joining them. At least not that early in the evening. But this man didn't care about the stares at him, and I knew that he liked the stares at me. There were buildings with the lingering taste of piss in my mouth to put me where he wanted me.

I was half hard as we went through the streets, the silent man walking ahead of me holding the promise of a new experience. I studied his body as it moved through the streets with a purposeful, masculine stride. He was taller than Mr. Benson, at least six two. He towered over me. His shoulders were broad, and his legs thick. Their curved calves and thighs pressing against the chaps held a promise of firm muscles. His boots were rough with long wear; his leather wasn't new, it had been around for a while.

He suddenly stopped and I waited while he took the ring of keys off his belt and opened the door of a brick building that looked like it must have been converted to housing for industrial space. There were still no words. What would we

do when we entered his apartment? Should I complete the role I had accepted and kiss his boots like Mr. Benson would expect me to do? Or should I wait for him to command? Would I be asking for maybe more than I could handle if I gave him that kind of indication?

We went up two flights of narrow stairs and I waited again while he opened locks. My sweat was flowing freely by now. The size of the man, the way he towered over me, the lack of any agreement before I followed him here, they all combined to make me wonder if I was doing something very, very wrong. I felt like a fool. No bottom should just silently follow a man who gives him a can of hot piss and who makes him kneel, at the touch of nude flesh.

The door closed behind me with a loud slam. My choices were over. I may have been worried, but I wasn't worried enough to leave. The engorged cock in leather coating was rulling when my head should have been operating.

Whack! A sharp slap hit me full in the face. "Just to keep you going." The smile he gave me was puzzling, the heat on my cheek burned. My cock filled to the breaking point, it was overwired, and it loved being worried like this.

He left me standing in the doorway and went over to the other side of the loft space. It was large, almost as large as Mr. Benson's whole apartment. Even if it had been filled with furniture, the pieces would have been lost in the enormity of the room, but it wasn't. There were only a few sparse items, a chair, a desk and a large platform bed sitting in the middle of the area. He pulled out a drawer in the bed's base and took out a piece of leather. He came back over to me. Without warning there was a pair of handcuffs joining my wrists together behind me. And then the leather he carried came up and enveloped my face. There was suddenly no light, I was captured in a sea of darkness. I struggled for air, and finally a small slit opened in front of my nose for me to drag in enough oxygen to keep my consciousness.

What had I gotten myself into?

The rest of that night was blindness. The whole scene was experienced physically. There were no clear sounds I could hear, there were never any words from the man whose name I didn't even know.

The leather hood was tightened after it had gone on. It must have had straps in the back. My prick grew rock hard with the excitement and danger. I still don't know all of what he did to me that night. I can only reconstruct parts of it.

I was taken away from the doorway into the middle of the space. I think it was the middle. The metal handcuffs came off and were replaced with leather cuffs on my wrists. I thought they must be like Mr. Benson's, but they were softer, there must have been some kind of lining. Slowly and gently and knowingly my clothes were removed. The sudden feeling of air flowing over my body while my head was encased with the blinding material accentuated the sense of nakedness. His hands ran quietly over my skin's surface, they traveled up and down my sides and around my legs. They paused to enjoy the slickness of my hairless ass and to pinch lightly and sharply at my tits, the knobs Mr. Benson had trained to respond to the lightest command. I know I moaned as his fingers kept turning the nipples, back and forth, both at the same time.

Then cuffs, again lined, went on my ankles. I was prepared for the bands on my wrists and those on my legs to be oiled the way that Mr. Benson used them to bind me. But, the man left me standing there for a considerable length of time. Doing what? The bands of leather on my limbs and the still present collar outlined my vulnerability. The mask on my face and the denial of the sense of sight heightened my body awareness. My cock was so hard it touched no part of the rest of me and enjoyed its own flow of cooling air around its protrusion.

When he came back, he started to manipulate my body, positioning it in a way that I couldn't understand. I was desperate to hear his words, but I couldn't have, even if he had spoken to me. The hood was as efficient a silencer as a blinder.

Then there was a shocking tub. Vague mechanical noises came through the hood. And I felt a surge of panic as my legs were pulled out from under me and my arms lifted higher above me. The machine jerked me off the floor. I thought I would have to fall flat on my face, but found the restraints supporting me. When the mechanics stopped I felt like I must have been at a 45 degree angle from the floor, my cock and balls hanging down away from my body, my eyes still unable

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to tell me what the man was doing.

His hands had taken on a warm feeling as the cool air lowered my own temperature. They returned to me now, starting the soft investigation of theirs. They lingered again at my tits and worked at both of them. I relaxed a little with the knowledge that he must know what he was doing, and the lining of the leather bands holding me in midair as soft enough to lessen the pain that the job of holding my body could produce. I went into the sensation of his warmth against my nipples, his hands playing with them in an almost gentle way. The turn on increased as I let my mind stop worrying, and I experienced his quick command of my body.

He left my tits enraged with feeling, and the hands travelled down to my crotch. He cupped my balls in one of his palms, and with the other started to play with my cock. He applied an increasing amount of pressure to the vulnerable eggs in their sac. Slowly building up to produce a crushing sensation. The balls came together and rolled against one another in his grip. Waves of pain flowing out from them, punctuated by delightful feelings of warmth. My cock was building up to an early orgasm, and just then he stopped, leaving it to wave in the air, leaving it desperate for release.

He walked away again. I think he must have, I couldn't sense his body being nearby. I could only feel the cool air blowing between my stretched legs.

Then, he came back. He had grabbed my balls again and tried something around the base. It felt like leather. I thought at first it was only a cockring, but there must have been a great length of it, he kept winding it around and around my scrotum. Every loop I thought he was finished, that he had to be finished that the sac couldn't stretch any further. When it was done, my balls were forced far away from my body by a thick swath of leather, the pressure was immense - and wonderful.

Another strand started to work its way up my cock. The line of leather wound around the shaft, from the base to just below the head, the tight strands pinched wherever there was a break for the skin to work its way out. I wanted to see if I knew that my cockhead would be full of trapped blood, I wanted to see the redness of the skin as it held back the built

up fluid.

Before I could think more about it, he was back. He started with my nipples once more. Turning them, softly twisting them back and forth. I moaned more and more loudly. Mr. Benson had turned them so well that they responded instantly to his touch, especially with the firm pressure pulling my balls down and keeping my prick so hard.

But, again the warm hands were replaced; cold metal pushed against the oversensitive nipples, gentle pressure built up as they were each attached to clamps that were adjusted to a place just short of intense pain.

Now I was burning with my sex. My cock, my balls, my tits were all bound. Only my ankles and wrists had any other feel to them. I could sense him moving silently behind me. I thought he must be going to fuck me. I could feel him rub his hands against my naked legs. I tried to relax my anus to receive him.

Instead, there came a soft, almost kissing, touch of a belt or strap against my ass. A slow litany of blows started to run up and down each of my legs. They built in intensity. He would go all the way down to the bound ankles and climb up one leg, giving even, excruciating taps to the tight ballsack, and finger over my ass, then travel down the other leg only to begin the journey again. Each time the leather travelled over my body, it picked up intensity with its touch.

My moans of pleasure greeted the first journey. They disappeared with the second, by the time he was finished I was shrieking with pain. The whole of my backside below my waist burnt with angry welts. Not one inch had been spared, the whole of me pulled against the restraints, fought to release my body from this agony.

I could hardly hear my screams. The travelling belt brought out a new one every time it touched me. I had thought I had gone beyond pain with the sessions with Mr. Benson. But, I had never experienced anything like this. He must have beaten me with the belt for an hour. When that stopped, I pleaded with him to release me. I couldn't have heard his answer if he spoke one, but I felt his response.

He had moved. Now he began again with the soft strokes of the belt, this time moving over my back. Those first light touches weren't painful, at all. But I knew that this meant he was going to repeat the whole performance. I knew that that strip of leather was going to work over my back and my arms just as it had my legs and ass.

By the time another hour had passed, I was reduced to sobbing uncontrollably. He had left my skin so hot and had worked it so much, that now even the touch of his soft hand produced floods of horrendous pain.

This must have been what he had wanted. A body racked with pain and deep sobs. One totally at his mercy. I was hardly conscious of feeling him as his cock invaded my ass. My only concern was the touch of his hairy and prickled body against the red skin he had left on my backside.

He shoved into me. His body worked back and forth into my ass. The feeling of being fucked was hardly noticed in the whole of the agony of the beating I had received. Vaguely, I was aware when he started to pull out, pulsing with his cock as it hardened to pour his cum inside me. Again, I hoped it would be over.

I wanted Mr. Benson! I wanted to be freed from this violence and savagery. This wasn't what I wanted! The darkness enveloped me and kept me from seeing him move around after he pulled roughly out of my hole. The fingers went back to my cock and balls. The warm palm again cupped the shaved skin. I stretched my body from the restraints, hopelessly trying to move it away from his cruel grasp. The pressure began to mount on my sac. The balls came together again and rolled against one another. The inside of the hood was wet with my tears as he kept squeezing and manipulating my testicles. Deep growls came from inside me, the intense pain shifted from my backside to my crotch. The power of the pain in my sac, the small orbs of sex trapped between leather and this man, consumed me.

And then blackness did come.

I had finally given in to the pain. I passed out. I don't know if he even noticed the slackening of my body, or if he cared. When I woke up, I was fully dressed. He had left me against the doorway to his apartment. The roughness of the new fabric of my shirt and the leather on my slacks rasped against the angry skin he had marked so savagely. My body was stiff



as I tried to stand, I could barely make it upright. I leaned against the brick wall and looked up at the lit window of the apartment where I had been.

I had met a new kind of top one who showed his concern and caring by leaving me unconscious in the street, covered with bruises. It wasn't an image I liked. A surge of anger went through me. The asshole hadn't even taken me away from his own building. He didn't care if I complained - to whom? What recourse did a slave have when he had been stupid enough to go home with any leather figure who ordered him to. The police? If I told the people at the store, they'd just laugh. It would probably only enhance his reputation.

Wearily, I checked and found the lump of money Mr. Benson had given me, it was still in my pocket.

I wanted to go to bed. My muscles were sore from the exertion they had gone through. They screamed in pain every time I tried to move them. I stumbled somehow to an avenue and hailed a taxi.

The driver looked strangely at me when I slowly put my painted body into the back. "Where to, bub?"

Where to? A hotel. But which one? I felt the roll of cash in my pocket. Well, he had told me to have a good time. I certainly hadn't started off too well, but maybe I could make up for that. "Take me to the Plaza."

I comforted myself somewhat as the cab sped uptown. The look on the driver's face when I gave him the name of New York's most lavish hotel had been worth the ride itself. I adjusted the tie the sadistic asshole had put on my neck, and smoothed my short hair down as the sights of midtown New York passed by me. We went through the theatre district and into the exalted enclaves of the Upper East Side. And there, rising above Central Park on its own block was The Plaza. The best hotel in the city.

The reservation clerk tried to be suave. I'm sure that two things were on his mind - how did I get there and how could he get me out - fast. The looks of everyone in the lobby were aimed at my leather. The cap on my head was pushed back; I was holding the heavy jacket over one arm, but the bulging of the leather pants and the press of the uniform shirt were making their own statement. The pain of my skin, the mass of red welts I knew I was going to find there, didn't keep me from putting on a good show. I was going to keep my dignity in front of the pompous clerk and in my own mind.

Besides, however anxious he might have been to get rid of me, the appreciative glances from a couple of the Latin bellboys was more than sufficient compensation.

I had been smart enough to call from a pay booth at the corner - I wasn't going to be told there was no room. He claimed he was having trouble finding the reservation, but hopped to when I suggested I wait on one of the couches across the lobby. He did not want me lingering there.

A room was found and two of the bellboys nearly fought with one another to take me up to the floor. I smirked at their enthusiasm and almost forgot the ordeal I had been through until I let my backside brush against the car of the elevator.

The room was delightfully large and smelt of a fresh cleaning. I tipped the boy too much and went to the bathroom. It was huge, I needed to care for my body. I turned on the bath water and slowly stripped. When the tub was full, I lowered myself into the water, as hot as I had dared. The terrible stripes of red showed against my skin. I sighed deeply as the warmth began to relax the abused muscles. And I thought about the man I had just left and the man I wanted to go back to.

I thought a lot about the relationship I had with Mr. Benson and the trust that was involved. I had gone through a lot with him and for him. I had done things I had never dreamt I would do. I had been a willing and happy slave to that man. I had been strung up against a wall for his visual pleasure. I had endured his fist in my bowels and his cock in my face for countless hours. I gave all of it to him as a gift and as a sign of my humility and devotion.

This other man - the one without a name - had taken from me savagely. He had beaten me without purpose and had used my body only as he chose. The rape committed had been one-sided. I knew now that what little he had done that I had thought was pleasurable had been done only to make me tolerate more abuse from him.

I thought about S&M that night. The very idea that there could be rape in an S&M context was shocking, somehow.

But it was obvious that there could be.

I thought about that bastard leaving me on a street for how long? I didn't even really know. Mr. Benson wouldn't have done that to me.

What was important about Mr. Benson was becoming more and more apparent.

When I finished the bath and stood in the heated, tiled room, drying myself I had a sudden need to do something for myself. I went, naked, into the bedroom and called room service. They weren't prepared for my order at that time of night, but they'd try.

A half hour later, a middle-aged waiter got a thrill when I opened the door and let him in with the delivery. I was still naked, with only a towel around my waist. I took the things and tipped him. Then I went into the bathroom and took off the towel.

That night, my first night alone in years, I took the razor and shaved my body. Performing the dedication to Mr. Benson he had requested, but not stopping with my crotch and ass this time; I took off my chest hair and the hair under my arms. I was alone and there was no one there to know what I was doing and what it meant to me, but I knew that Mr. Benson would know when I saw him on Tuesday. I was making love to Mr. Benson, there in that bathroom by myself. I got hard watching the symbols of manhood cleaned from my skin. My cock jumped at the sight of myself lifting my arms to remove the hair there, the humiliating stance only intensifying the thrill of the action. And when it was all gone, when my small red tits stood out against a hairless background, I dried myself and went to bed. I got into the chool sheets and put a hand up to a sore nipple and with the other hand I started caressing my hard prick.

I thought about Mr. Benson and the devotion I felt to him. I thought about my love for him and his care for me. I thought about the life I was leading as his slave, and a quick, not-to-be-denied spur of cum came shooting up, slinging the newly shaved skin on my stomach, wetting the sheets so I could sleep, thinking all the time about the presence of Mr. Benson.

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# ASTROLOGIC

**CAPRICORN S. (Dec 22-Jan. 19)** Too many holiday parties? Too much punch? Plow into the new year with a trail of piss.

**CAPRICORN M.** Did your Master take you to holiday parties and you sang Auld Lang Syne luxuriating in the ladies' bidet? Tacky but tasty!

**AQUARIUS S. (Jan 21-Feb 18)** The beginning of the new year can be the beginning of a new you ... as if the old one wasn't bad enough!

**AQUARIUS M.** A new you would certainly be an improvement: a more groveling, sniveling pain-maniac.

**PISCES S. (Feb 19-Mar 20)** Did you remember to give your friends gifts they could use year after year, and did you tie them up before or after wrapping?

**PISCES M.** Doesn't it just drive you crazy, tied up immobile under a tree and have to watch those goddamn blinking lights twinkle on and off all night? A variation on the Chinese water-torture.

**ARIES S. (Mar 21-Apr. 19)** Didn't there seem to be more Christmas candles and ball ornaments? Look up your slave's ass ... you know what a horder he can be!

**ARIES M.** Don't throw away all those old holiday candles. Hot wax torture is more exciting when done in a rainbow of colors.

**TAURUS S. (Apr 20-May 20)** For the holidays did we "don we now our gay apparel"? In your case: motorcycle jacket, assless chaps, engineer boots, bike cap, gloves; all in black leather, of course.

**TAURUS M.** Your gay apparel probably consisted of dog collar, harness and a cock ring which kept falling off into the Wassail bowl.

**GEMINI S. (May 21-June 20)** If the '80s are anything like the '60s prepare yourself now for up-coming toil, unrest and protests. In the meanwhile, fuck everybody you can!

**GEMINI M.** Methinks that thou doth protest too much. More whip!

**CANCER S. (June 21-July 22)** Let's not forget to take year end inventory: stocks, ropes, handcuffs, restraints, ball-stretchers ... gosh, it turns one on just reading down the stock list.

**CANCER M.** Did you give your ass to your Master for Christmas? It's the gift that keeps on giving ... including diseases and old jewelry.

**LEO S. (July 23-Aug 22)** In the beginning of this new decade resolve to try the bottom position for awhile if you like it, you're in trouble!

**LEO M.** Resolve to try the top position—for you, that'll be true torture!

**VIRGO S. (Aug 23-Sept 22)** Attempt to avoid bars baths and other places of ill repute this month. The ass you save may be your own.

**VIRGO M.** Your asshole isn't worth saving, even if you do think it's still tight. Remember, the rim around the Grand Canyon is also rock-hard.

**LIBRA S. (Sept 23-Oct 22)** Try not to overwork yourself in the '80s. Too much sex can have its toll on you. But, for a fussy Libra, there is no such thing as "too much sex" ... just too little quality sex.

**LIBRA M.** Too little sex to you means the electric cattle prod was too short to reach through the bars of your cage.

**SCORPIO S. (Oct 23-Nov. 21)** Resolution time again. This year resolve to tear a few new assholes with vim and vigor ... and lots of Crisco.

**SCORPIO M.** Why don't you just resolve to exist while your Master resolves your needs for you: like pain, humiliation, degradation; you know, all those things you'd resolve for more of if it were up to you.

**SAGITTARIUS S. (Nov. 22-Dec. 21)** Be imaginative but authoritative this year. Declare yourself the Ayatollah of Leather.

**SAGITTARIUS M.** Now if you'd been a hostage of the Iranians, we all know you wouldn't want to be released!

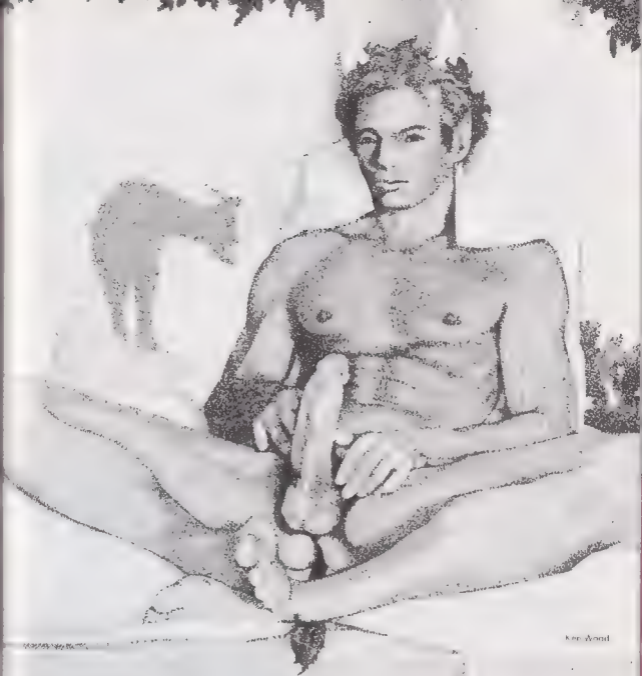
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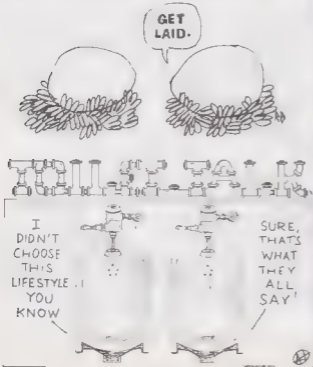


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**HANDSOME**, fun-loving, law/leather Harley rider, Taurus, 39' 10" 160 lbs. white, wishes to share fantasies with masculine, discreet, clean-cut as fuck buddy to 50. Dig motorcycle + cars, uniformed cycle cops, high boots, chaps, breeches, horses. Must ratchet/beard a turn on Seeking permanent friendships. No fests fets, drugs. Box 451A

### ARIZONA

Goodlooking, since secure, dominant Master semi-retired, pro-athlete seeks clean, discreet, mascu inc locker size to relocate for permanent obedience. Must be in 20s, over 6' smooth, muscular build, short, dark hair. Clean cut good looks a must. Also submissive to long, heavy sex and intelligent to relate to good life outside of bad. Novice okay. Box 426-Ron

I want to share my slave's hot ass and willing mouth with a stud tough enough to help me train him properly and teach him respect. Box 913

### IN-IVE IN SLAVE & LOVER

Wanted by 5, 6'2", blond, blue eyes, hairy, muscular, muscular, 43, with 63" and huge ball balls. Slave son/lover should be 18-32, physically and psycho-geologically capable of daily training and sex in all disciplines with complete submission. All financial needs met for night M. No tats, fests, family ties, hustlers or heavy drugs. Revealing photo w/ descriptive background. Be honest and save us both time. Must be willing to move to Phoenix. No photo, no reply. Hurry and become my property. Box 131

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#### LITTLE ROCK SLAVES

Get on your knees and write to this dominant Master 6'2", 185 lbs., 8 1/2" uncult if you are white masculine, not overweight. Interested in shaving your crotch, pouring piss down your slave's throat, bondage getting the discipline from you. I demand, fist fucking, and letting you know who's boss. Am experienced, respectful of limits, and imaginative. You should include phone number and when you are available. Box 428

Mid-South executive is interested in being dominated for a change. Athletic, hairy blondes preferred. Domination plans available. Box 462

### CALIFORNIA

#### FIRST TIMERS

Master, 5'11", 150 lbs. wants new slaves with good body ready to surrender. San Francisco, Oakland areas. Write frank letter with photo include address, phone availability. Box 429

**HAYWARD, 5'28, 5'11", 180 lbs., 8 1/2" cut, muscular, goodlooking, looking for attractive, well built guys who are versatile and responsive. No tats, fests, flakily older, out of shape. Should have good build and be into leather, levis or uniforms. Box 402**

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Wanted, white, dominant older, hairy, leather master, leather type who wants a 24-year-old, white, goodlooking son/slave who needs light to medium S&M. Sincerely Jim, Box 4509, San Francisco, CA 94101

M 36 5'10" 140 lbs., 7" cut, needs spanking, while total friend service to 18-30 JS, 861 Elliot. No 3507, SF CA 94109

**SACRAMENTO AREA**, w/m, 27, 5'8", 150 lbs., 6", needs a real man with moustache who wants his boots socks, feet crotch ass and arm cleaned by my tongue. If you're handsome and hairy it's already hot and wet for you. Box 458

#### NICE JEWISH BOY

26 and depraved, seeks cigar smoking, raunchy assed redneck bike cop etc for piss, shit, snort and spit. Slap the fuck out of me with a rolled-up magazine. Large beer gut welcome. All answered. L.A./SFV. Box 442

Seek leather/uniform S a hike in the mountains, a symphony 35 to 50 Am w/m, 41, 6', 160 lbs., imaginative. Box 461

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Master, 31, 5'8", 8" cut, 135 lbs., needs total slave who is willing to learn, benefit and serve this Master. Uninhibited stud into having a full time Master or novice willing to learn. Box 927

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San Francisco, SM 32, 5'10", 155 lbs., 7", seeks uninhibited dudes for sweaty man action, no holds barred. Into S&M, B&D, raunchy levis, jock straps, WS and heavy workouts. Photos answered first. Box 940

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**LONG BEACH, 33, 5'8", 175 lbs. M.A., 7" uncult, leather levi, novice clean cut professional seeking some willing to learn from d'scrite sensitive, but firm partners who are equipped with toys to B&D S&M role playing. Respect limits, dig leather and re-vis. No drugs, fests or scat. Box 929**

#### HEY YOU FUCKFACE WANNA WRESTLE?

Hot w/m, 27, 6', 180 lbs., in good shape, looking for same. All styles and scenes. No punks or scat. Box 936

#### STRICTLY TOP

Black, muscular 32, 6'7", 165 lbs., will dominate it. Killy mascu, we defined who is ass. Am into leather light S&D, WS mirrors, et. S. then bond and couples especially welcome. Will answer all descriptive letters. Box 910

**LOS ANGELES, 47 5'11" 175 lbs., horny hound digs mutual raunchy rutting, endless foot dressing, deep ditch, drilling, water hole, drinking and wild scating. Days? Great. No photo, no answer. Box 911**

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physically. Offer in Boston and New  
York. No B&D, scat, ranch or dum  
my Send photo. Box 447

## UNIFORMS

Fat for military spit shined shoes  
and uniforms, would like to exchange  
photos of hormone bondage, tortu  
re and special ally executions. If you  
are wanted, a real plus. Box 952

MR BENSON, WHERE ARE YOU?  
P Town, MA 29, 5'10" 160 lbs, 6'  
uncut, flexible, agile and intelligent  
novice seeks to leave fantasies and  
one nights under your total owner  
ship. S' Take me across the bounda  
ry into the pain/pleasure of maso  
chism. Mr Benson taught his  
Live. Give me a chance to turn this  
slave and m and into that of a com  
plete slave. I need to leave a re  
minder. I'm on my knees, S' and re  
spectfully request a photo. Will re  
spond. Box 555

BOSTON, S, Aras, 42, 5'10", 150  
lbs, white, 6", knowledgeable. Seeks  
partner over 18 for strict discipline  
and prolonged bondage. Same size or  
smaller smooth body. Must submit  
to public shaming and being owned  
WASP. we come discretion as  
bared, long-term relationship p  
Box 150 253

BOSTON, 2 guys, 30s, 5'9", 150  
lbs, into leather, rubber w/ ass, 6'  
6", 165 lbs, into rubber infantilism,  
and serving beer drinkers. Both  
are into, w/le, slim and  
threesome with other S who enjoys  
giving w/s and receiving head. Box  
101NAP

CAPE COD Deep freak into arma  
dillo, long necks and caputious  
love me runs on sandy beaches,  
hot sun, cold surf. Golden Eagle  
RFD 1, Box 87, E Wareham MA  
02538

BOSTON M white, 29, 5'11, 150  
lbs, seeks S into 10-12 hrs 24/7  
S&M, w/s, w/le, w/le, fuck  
No scat, FF, no 10-12 hrs 24/7  
dogs Box 102MAN

BOSTON M, inexperienced, 5'10",  
165 lbs, will make up in obedience  
and experience. Can follow  
orders and would like to meet some  
who has teaching ability, stays in  
total control. No fats, especially no  
fems. Box 192

WHATTHEHELL, DRUMBEATS?  
THE BIGGEST COLLECTION OF  
SURE THINGS TWO BITS  
CAN BUY!

## MICHIGAN

### ERIE JOHN

You made my summer. Come to my  
place next year. The whip's on me  
Love, Morgan

### HOT MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

PERMANENT LIVE IN LOVE  
To give wild S&M, B&D action to  
w/m, 35, 6'8", hung, uncut big balls  
hairy. Wants 18-30, into bondage  
humiliation, discolor, toys, stretching  
spanking, whipping, vent, enemas,  
water sports, FF, shaving ball tor  
ture, wild, kinky scenes. Must have  
hungry mouth and love to receive  
front and rear action. Well equipped  
play room with special equipment  
and mirrored walls. Must be butch  
and into leather. No 10-12 hrs 24/7  
Strong ass drive. Send resume and  
photo to Dick, 5286 Milwaukee  
Flint, MI 48907

### WANTED SEX SLAVE

White or Black, 18-35, and well  
hung, by two masters into Fr and Gr.  
AP, WS, B&D. Send nude photo,  
age, address and phone number.  
Box 423

DETROIT AREA, W/M, 40's, 6',  
165 lbs, dogs boots, love, leather  
jockstraps. Seeks guy over 35 with  
similar interests. No fats, fems, or  
S&M. Your photo gets mine. Box  
941

ANN ARBOR, Two FFers (27 and  
35) welcome others in scene to write  
when in area. Serious FF only. Box  
925

ANN ARBOR, SM, 39, 5'7", 165  
lbs, 6", cut, semi-muscular, seeks  
adaptable partner, under 45, who is  
sexual as well as horny, not afraid  
to give and take a little pain. No  
leather. No pain, dirt, fats, or emo  
tional problems. Box 204

TAYLOR MS Capricorn, 24, 5'10",  
165, white, 6", novice. Eager to  
learn from and submit to the right S.  
Will serve Master totally. Box 261

FARMINGTON, S, Virgo, 33, 5'6",  
135 lbs, white, 8", knowledgeable.  
I'm Master demands obedient, ex  
perimental slave. No balds, fars,  
dominants. Box 52D

## MINNESOTA

### SLAVE OR MASTER

W/male, 43, 6'1", 165 lbs, into  
bondage, cock/ball/tit torture. Box  
356

### MPLS SADIST

39, 145 lbs, well hung gives cock and  
ball torture. Must be over 30, not fat  
or married. Box 1088, Minneapolis,  
MN 55440

## MISSOURI

ST LOUIS AREA, 29, 5'11", 165  
lbs, masculine, goodlooking, well  
built, affectionate novice. Respect  
able and discrete. Seeking well built  
owner for long term relationship. Pos  
sible relationship. Personal character  
important. Photo. Visit Chicago of  
ten Box 171 O'Fallon, IL 62269

KANSAS CITY, M, Virgo, 23, 5'4",  
130 lbs, white, 6", honest, good  
looking slave needs discipline/f  
fection from dominant partner. Dig  
muscles, big hands, boots. Must be  
sincere, secure, experienced. Box  
607D

ST. LOUIS, S, Leo, 31, 5'9", 210  
lbs, 6", knowledgeable. De  
mands strict obedience; will punish  
any infraction with pain. Partner  
must have stamina, youthful ap  
pearance, can be to late 40s. Box  
245

## YOUNG NOVICE

31, 5'4", 130 lbs, 6", cut, looking  
man to be my Master, body and  
mind. Am clean cut, honest, quiet,  
intelligent and submissive. No drugs or  
scat. Should be 30-45, good build,  
hung and into leather. Turn on  
to big hands. Box 667D

## ST LOUIS-KANSAS CITY

Dominant Master, 62", 185 lbs,  
uncut 8 1/2", seeks receptive slave  
when I travel to your area. Am ag  
gressive experienced imaginative to  
specific limits. Into S&M B&D, WS,  
shaving, FF, etc. You should be  
over 18, receptive, white slender  
and masculine. You should include  
me in your fantasies. Write your reply  
Will call when I am nearby and avail  
able. Box 3088

ST LOUIS, SM, 43, 6' 160 lbs, 7"  
uncut beard, novice into either  
role. Look ng for masculine dude  
21-45, prefer hairy chest and uncut  
No 10-12 hrs 24/7. No scat. Dig top  
role, into WS, cock worship. Box 64

## NEBRASKA

OMAHA, S, 37, 5'11", 175 lbs  
entering scene. Looking for clean  
cut white M to 30, goodlooking,  
muscular, into S&M, B&D, and  
who enjoys being dominated.  
Prefer novice. Start with light B&D  
and grow together. I'm respectful  
and discreet, you must be same.  
Personal character important. No  
fats, fems or dirty need apply.

## NEVADA

RENO, hot w/m, 35, top or bottom,  
seeking S, 30-45, into S&M, B&D,  
hair, jocks, hairy chest, no w/le.  
Capricorn, Box 7364, Reno, NV  
89510

## NEW MEXICO

Two men in their forties would  
like to meet bikers and others passing  
the time. Box 100

## WANTED YOUNG MAN TO SHARE

Comfortable apartment in Albuquerque  
with older man. Two bedrooms  
and two baths and splendid view of  
the mountains. Reasonably reasonable,  
split expenses. Box 939

## NEW JERSEY

M needs to serve strong dominant  
partner (unformed) who likes to work  
on large breasts and nipples. Will con  
sider being shaved. Can travel. Box  
2365 Trenton NJ 08609

## ORAL SLAVE

Morris County w/m, 40, complete  
service. Box 233, Mendham NJ  
07945

## NEW JERSEY/NYC BAKERS

New Jersey's premier tobacco club  
has openings for limited number of  
bakers (minimum 350cc) from area.  
Also, sincere, masculine non-drug  
w/le, 30-45, Year 10-12 hrs 24/7  
Close-knit, harmonious fraternity.  
Write. Box 326, Summit NJ 07901

## NORTHERN JERSEY, W/m, 38,

6'2", 185 lbs, hairy, knowledgeable,  
masculine, dominant and aggressive.  
Master yet never straight acting any  
issues and no 10-12 hrs 24/7. Per  
sonal character important. Write  
me. Box 100

## DRUMBEATS GET RESULTS

NJ/NY, Captain on early retirement  
55, 5'10", 150 lbs, 7" cut thick,  
misses colonial sailors and docile,  
serve cabin boys. Would like to  
meet retired sailor. If I break down  
or break in docile, serve cabin boys  
depending on what a kneaded  
Write to your captain and get in close  
touch. No fats. No 10-12 hrs 24/7.  
Sailors. Fred Holmes Box 302, Sali  
ville, NJ 07109

BELLEVILLE, 55, 5'10", 160 lb  
7" cut, medium build, dominant S  
looking for ess-aters, hot mouthed  
bottoms. No dope, drunks, fems  
Box 403

HIGHSTOWN, M, 32, 5'10", 160 lb  
cut, blond hung seeks be ng con  
trolled. Prefer Master in 10s leather.  
Seeks butch looking, cut dominant  
that can relate out of the bedroom as  
well. Box 201N.

SOUTH JERSEY, S, 43, 6'2", 180  
masculine, cut, endowed nicely, n  
gatives oral servitude, much cock  
work from young, muscular, into  
slaves. Titwork, face, fuck ng, verbal  
abuse and discipline. Tai, pet, etc.  
but firm. Live in/out with a natural,  
relaxing, teasing, and teasing.  
photo, cockwacker. No fats, fems,  
drugs. Box 946

TRENTON, M, 50, 5'9", 160 lbs,  
6" uncut, with obedient mouth,  
tongue and asshole bags to please  
knowledgeable, clean and imaginative  
S who dominates completely. Includ  
ing pain and abuse, with safety and  
mutual satisfaction. I submit to B&D  
suspension, C&B and tit torture,  
whips and paddles. No 10-12 hrs 24/7.  
No head shaving, scat, injury or per  
manent markings. Box 41

JERSEY CITY, M, Libra, 34, 6',  
163 lbs, white, 6", novice. Have  
enjoyed light leather bondage and  
spanking while spreadleg. Ready  
for more. Need rugged leader who  
wants me in that position so he can  
use me and let his friends use me  
too. I'll serve as third to a Master  
who is in NJ. I can get into Manhattan  
easily. Box 101NJ

NJ/NY, W/m, 5'11", 182 lbs  
6", 40, tattooed, experienced, into  
bottom role. Into jocks, toys, al  
to, piercing, enemas, spreadleg  
chodge outdoors, jeans, young tight  
white bodies. Also correspond with  
tops and bottoms countrywide. Pho  
tos returned and appreciated. Box 21

SOUTH CENTRAL, SM, w/m, 42,  
6'1", 154 lbs, 7 1/2" uncut, experi  
enced, seeks same. Can pick up on  
any S needs and supply them.  
Should be 30-45, hairy, muscular,  
mad or well endowed. No  
fats, fems, scat, drunks, or younger  
looking than about 40. Prefer white,  
no facial hair. Box 15

## NEW YORK

### WANTED SADIST

Hot, masculine S needs to be  
abused by man over 35 who demand  
unconditional service. Into verbal  
abuse, flogging, shaving, toilet, as  
well as S&M, B&D, w/le, w/le, w/le  
to, Putnam and Conn. Box 460

MANHATTAN, w/m, 24, 5'8", 145  
lbs, inexperienced, into S, w/le, w/le  
around same age for school-type  
punishment (give and receive), paddle,  
and light woodshed discipline.  
Box 463

THE AUTHOR OF MR BENSON  
Invites you to submit your applica  
tion as one of his S's. You will be  
expected to humbly submit to his  
physical and psychological demands.  
Your explicit letter must be accom  
panied by a photo. Jack Prescott,  
Box 465





M.L. WALKER, MS, Capricorn, 42, 6'2", 210 lbs., white, 6'1" knowledge, 15 years of experience in the adult film industry to enjoy both sides with intelligent partner 25-60. No fats. Box 254/VBS.

MAN TOWG, SM, Aquarius, 28, 6'7", 150 lbs., white, 7", novice. Men, lesbians, stud seeks available to contact to 24 with nice ass at least 6" Nubby too involved in gay scene Box 62K

## ORGANIZATIONS

### STROKE TOGETHER!

J&D buddies sought for new 70's group. Lots of hot men into j/g sessions. We are now state-wide and wanna get to RFA, Box 537 New York, NY 10011

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To sign on as Male or Slave in Los Angeles Bodega Club, send photo and personal details with designation of B or M to B&D Club, 4272 Morse Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90029

Private club where guys meet Masters. For information send \$1 to K.C. Box 71768, Los Angeles, CA 90071

UNIQUE L/L, S&M, B&D club forming. New and growing. Send SASE to Studio, 3300 Delaware Ave., Delmar, NY 12054

THE TOILET Join Sat Wk. Join (415)825-8072

BONDAGE Submittable CONTROLLED BEHAVIOR Written & Illustrated free directions and lessons. Sir R.M., Box 1103, Los Angeles, CA 90068

To Apply in THE TOILET, a private porno club, call 433 Douglass St., S.F., CA 94114

HOT & HORNEY? Let us put you to work with the guys you want to meet! All types! No lessons. Free information. Friends Unlimited, Box 3961 CE, Hollywood, CA 91609

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### DISCIPLINE TAPES

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FROMMER 40

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## S&M WRESTLING STORIES

Send SASE to B.G., 7985 Santa Monica Blvd., Suite 108-81 West Hollywood, CA 90046, for sample and information

## RUSH OR HARDWARE

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## STRUT YOUR STUFF WITH THE BULDOZER

A unique device that brings every thing up front to show off what you've got. If you like big breasts we've got what you want. Adjustable to fit any size tool. \$4.50 from Pasture Check Mfg. Room 1200, 153 West 27th Street, New York, NY 10001

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Guaranteed. Associated Video, Dept AL1, 1614 Victoria Blvd., No. 107, Glendale, CA 91201

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Structure, Super Lush or Spike soles available. Any size or width. Illustrations available. Write to Jim, Box 23764, San Jose, CA 95123. Include 25c for mailing list

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The California laws now reads that anyone conducting a mail order business, or offering items for sale through the mail and using a post office box or mail drop service, must be in full advertising the address at which the business is being conducted. To advertisers this address

To readers: the address that appears at the end of a mail order ad is the address required by state law. Most firms will still prefer that correspondence be sent to the listed box number

## SHAVED/FATHER/NUDE

Hot guys, shaved in leather, and shaved of all public hair. Catalogue and 4 sample photos. \$6. State over 21. PROSTAR STUDIOS, Box 9963, Glendale, CA 91510. (214) 914-9963

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Fun, frank, freaky equipment for practical cleanliness and discipline. Full line of other associated toys. Catalogue \$1. Art Hamilton, 315 West 4th St., New York, NY 10014

## FREE ACTION CATALOG

Box 1392D Phoenix AZ 85001

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S&M B&D, Leather, WS, Cruising, GoldenShowers, Scat. \$6 each, 3/15 5/20. Spec. free. Enter GUACAN IMPORTING 323 S Franklin Suite 804/G-84, Chicago IL 60606

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Technical Details \$20 postpaid. A Lemes, Box 38654 Los Angeles, CA 90038

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AND JOSING STRAPS Show off in the new "jock" strap ped jock! Side adjusting with two buckle rings, pocket snaps on with three nickel snaps for easy removal. HOT in the West Coast. Weights optional. Heavy duty levi, extra top stitching in regular levi and washed denim. Measure 3" below navel and round to 1/2 C. Box 515 Babson Park FL 33627

## ROCKS

SAN FRANCISCO DOMINANT Experienced bodybuilder, 29, with 28" waist, 41" chest solid hard some - even intelligent. Genuine bodybuilder and together men into sexual/sensual play on the chest and anus, spreadable muscle WS and specialized sexual equipment, call an expert. No mark, damage or danger from someone who doesn't know what the hell he's doing. (415) 864-5566

NYC Bynb at your service, sir. Into groups also. For rates and information (212) 674-0812. Will travel weekends

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Dick, 25, masculine, handsome, de-fined and endowed. Female action male. All requests considered. Will travel. Dick (312) 649-9577

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Champion bodybuilder. Have muscle far buns with dipsles. Send \$5 for my private, erotic photo set and let me detail my modeling sessions. Call (415) 883-6401. Walter David, Suite 606F Chicago IL 60601

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Handsome, dominant top, 32, 6' 165 lbs., blonde hairy chested endowed, enjoys bottoms for bon. dog, humiliation, WS, enemas, C&B and more. F.F. shaving, dildoes toys and more in mirrored glass room. Totally equipped. Novices considered. Free info requested. Call (415) 883-6401. Walter David, 32, 6' 175 lbs., hairy, thick (5' F" thick) for 3 ways. Photo sets also for \$2

## BIG DICKED SADIST

Straight, rugged, rough, handsome, hard muscle. Mailbox requested. Call (415) 883-6401. Walter David, 32, 6' 175 lbs., hairy, thick (5' F" thick) for 3 ways. Photo sets also for \$2

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DRUMBEATS GET RESULTS

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We are not a collection agency. In the first place they can charge you 40% to 50% of what they collect, if anything. We'll do it for only 1/10. No cost to you until you receive your money. Let me work for you with personalized service to turn your debt into cash in as little as 10 days. Bay Area special. Turn your collection troubles over to me personally for fast results. Call me now at (415) 355-7964

Goodlooking, 5'4", 130 lbs., trim black beard, short hair, 26 years old, read, like cutting. Pico 212 243 1786. Write 30 Perry St., 1-4 New York NY 10014

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Collector wants this first issue to complete collection. Must be complete copy in very good condition. Non-S&M State condition and price. Other rare gay publications sought and available. Write for information, terms. Box 430

### WRITE A HOT ONE

Get a hot one. Based. Dig your idea, write it up, send it to me. I'll tell you what you get off to Clay. Box 928

## AUSTRALIA

SYDNEY. Masculine ex-Me sayer, 40, 6'4", 180 lbs., ex-experienced top. Now visiting USA and Canada in June/August 80, wants to contact big, hairy men into S&M, B&D, WS. Not interested in posturing. Further questions? Also visitors to Aussie as above should contact me. Have lots and the best meat in town. 15 Palmer St., East Sydney, N.S.W., Australia 2010

MELBOURNE, M, 42, 6'3", 190 lb., 7" cut, seeks topmen, 25-45, hairy, macho, well built. Am willing to experiment, but my limits should be respected. Box 268

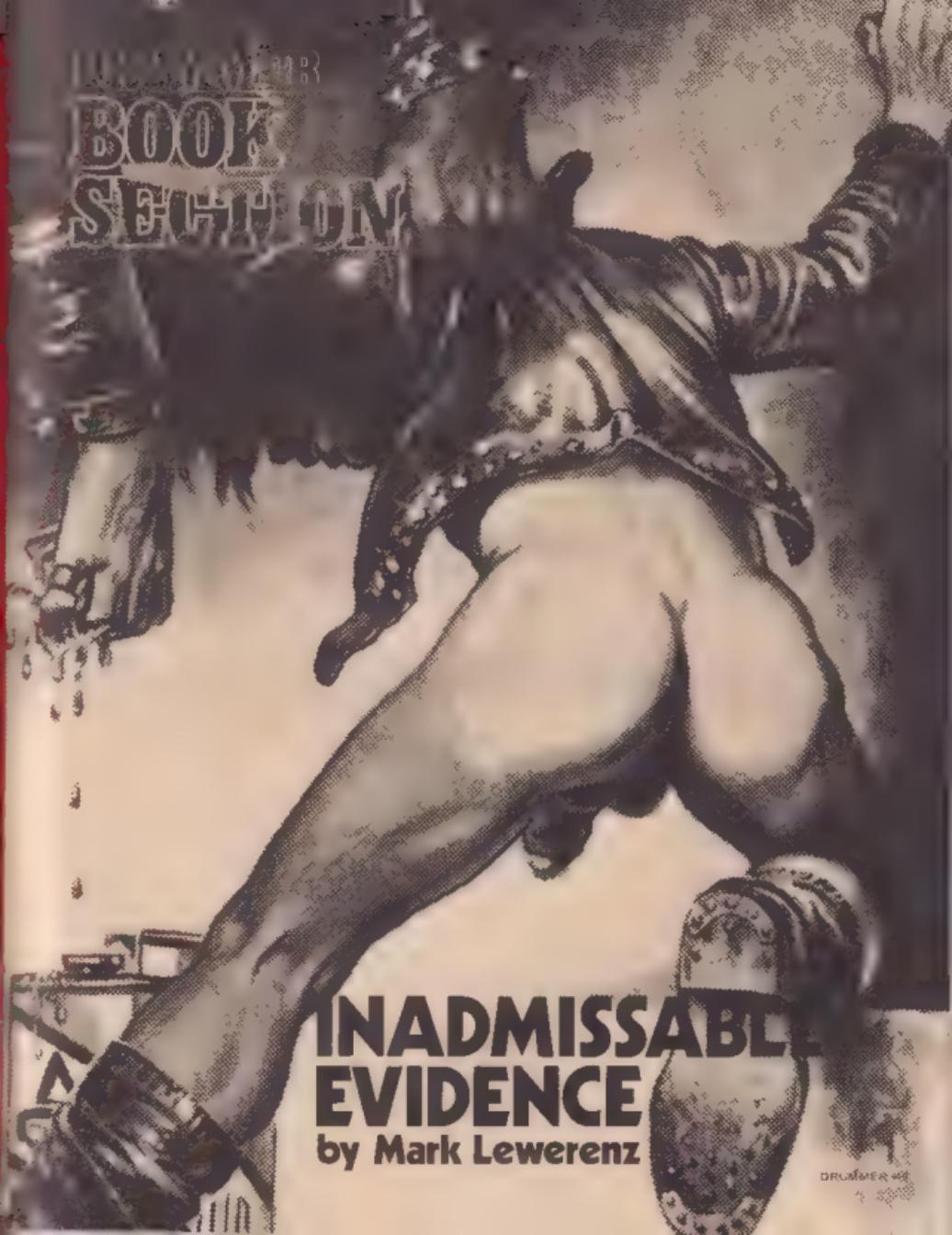
ADELAIDE SOUTH AUSTRALIA MS 28, 38", 5'10", 166 lb., novice. Dist leather, boots, bikes. Needs to be firmly instructed in the art of servicing w/ built, hairy master to 50. Car chains and cuffs really turn me on. No fat, hairy or drunk sex. 28°C (Include airmail postage with replies to this ad)

### AUSSIE GUY

28, hot, hairy hunk, digs sweat, grease, muscles, tattoos, dirty action in run down old toilets, in quiet places, etc. J/D, overseas a rmb. Scat on hot days/nights. A trucker construction worker hangouts. Correspond with same on US/Aus. Experiences. Stomps. Gets smoker, beer drinker. Stomps. Gets maybe met in filthy shithouse some day. Dig j/o letters. Box 961A (Include airmail postage with replies to this ad)

### FOREIGN MAIL

When answering foreign ads with box numbers, remember to include the correct zip code, overseas a rmb. postage. Current rates are 31¢ per ounce. Letters without correct postage will be returned



THE YEAR  
**BOOK  
SECTION**

**INADMISSABLE  
EVIDENCE**

by Mark Lewerenz

DRUMMER 48

# INADMISSABLE EVIDENCE

KLEINSHMIDT TAPES  
Transcription Vol. 9, No. 2 - Tony Accotto

## First Interview

Look here, Dr. K. I ain't no faggot, I never was no faggot and I ain't never gonna be a faggot despite whatever happened and to be perfectly frank wit you which is what you said I should be, I think all this is dumb and ain't gonna work but...

... Thanks for the cassette. Not that I couldn't write it if I wanted but it's just normal a guy would talk better than he writes. You said I should tell the other shrink and the parole guy just the facts so here's what I want to say: I ain't no queer or no faggot. I just like to have a good friend, you know, somebody to work out with, maybe wrestle or somethin' but just a friend see... no queer thing.

Here's the formal statement like you said I should have. Dear Dr. Kleinshmidt, panel and parole officer, I ain't, I'm not a homosexual and I ain't no murderer either 'cause a murderer is when you kill somebody 'cause you want their money or somethin' which ain't what I did 'cause what I did was total self defense. I am making this tape despite the fact you have my statement downtown because Dr. Kleinshmidt says it could help me get out sooner.

Not that jail's that bad 'cause it ain't. The thing I hate is you don't get to see your family or nothin' like that. Or chicks either. But, hell, I do alright here 'cause I'm trying my very best to be a model prisoner and despite I was wrongly accused of a crime I didn't commit I am going to do my duty and then get out and be a benefit to society.

The parole and simple facts are I was at a party where I became intoxicated which I probably shouldn't have done and then I was molested by a man seven years older than me and in self-defense I fought him off and he died by accident.

## Second Interview

Dr. K says: Look, the truth is you might have gotten into the shop and eventually even have gay privileges which I would really like as I am devoted to keeping my body fit and I would like to have a occupation. Thing is, that ain't how it works here. Like they say it's not who you know but who you blow that counts... you got to have connections which I think I got so I ain't doin' this to try to get nothin' from you guys.

Obviously I ain't gonna say on tape who my connections are but I used to have a business on the street - a supply industry you could call it - to supply certain customers with the people which didn't give the cops to get them in sevens. Which is how I met that Allen faggot and how all this got started and how I got in here.

But that ain't what you wanta hear first. Number one it says "Are you a homosexual and how do you feel about homosexuals?" No I ain't which is what I said last time and you goddamn better remember that. How I feel about them is they should all get fucked. I mean, I ain't no bigot or nothin'. I used to really hate 'em when I was a kid and I'd just be walking around in Central Park or ridin' the subway and they'd always be lookin' at your balls or makin' those fuckin' eyes at you or somethin'. Besides which, everybody in Bronx thinks they should be killed anyway which means I got a very liberal attitude about it which is what happens to you when you get on the street and have to deal with all kinds of customers. In fact I got to admit that homosexuals used to supply a main part of my business when I died in the alley which is why I moved back to the park 'cause they expect you to hang around with them socially which I wasn't gonna do.

Number two. Hell yes I would describe myself as a lady's man. First broad I ever fucked I was only thirteen. I thought I was in love but I learned quick women is out after your

money and them hot young girls only get you in trouble. But, just like every normal guy I love to fuck 'em which is, as I say, only normal and I got to say I'm really a soft touch too. Which is probably why women go wild for me 'cause I spend so much money on 'em and also I'm very good looking to women.

Dr. K. says give a physical description. I am six four, o.k., six three, two hundred right on the dot and in quite good shape which could be better if I get a few gym days a week. I have a very hard body with a stiff, flat stomach, huge biceps and thick pecs and lotsa hair on my chest and cock. Which you might as well know is big. I got at least ten inches - maybe nine - but it's big and thick and juicy and my balls are about as heavy as they can get bein' without chicks here for so long but still I ain't gonna let no faggot get it so you can just fuck off about that 'cause that's all I'm gonna say on that subject.

Ain't no way I'm gonna answer number four, five and six. I ain't had any girlfriends never met none of them guys listed in number five and anyway I ain't no squeller. No I never had no sex with a queer before that night which was a accident like I said.

I can't even believe the next questions. What the fuck do you think I think about my mom and dad and my what. The fuck word is this, my sis... siblin's? Whatever that is. What the fuck you ask that for? I'm like anybody else. This really sucks. I can't believe you drag my family into it.

You list to me your address and then you ask me to go to necticut cottages or wherever and you got the goddamn gall to ask what a normal guy thinks about his ma on the same question sheet you askin' about queers and stuff. Well fuck you!

Yeah, **FUCK YOU!** If you think I'm gonna put in my own words what happened you can take this tape and shove it up your ass. You got a lot of damn gall.

## Third Interview

Well... I wasn't gonna do this no more but Dr. Kleinshmidt was in yesterday and explained how this was gonna help me. He says to me, he says "you're gonna be here seven years at least so come on, might as well try to get on with it." But he did get me into shop so I guess I'll try. I only 'cause he was nice about it though not 'cause I think I'll help any.

Dr. K. said to stick to facts and just tell what happened and don't answer the questions you think are dirty or somethin' so I ain't gonna.

I first met this Allen guy 'cause of my business. He started comin' around and buyin' from different people all the time and it was obvious he wasn't satisfied with their stuff. That's one thing I always did. I always felt the good stuff of my ass. He'd come around Thursday, Friday and buy some stuff. Maybe he'd come on Monday and Wednesday too. Anyway, I got to be his regular dealer and we got to socialize some. We'd sit there and smoke a joint maybe. One or two. Usually I don't do that shit - I just drink and don't even do that in the park, which is why I ain't never been in before - except for that car thing which was a frame.

But we'd smoke a couple joints and maybe talk business and you know, talk girls or cars or somethin'. He was like this very, kinda attractive guy, see. I mean, I told you I like to have a friend and, despite he was smaller than me - what maybe five eleven, six foot, one eighty, one ninety - he was a real man. No muscle dude or nothin' but built ok ya know and wimp or nothin'.

So one day he says do I work out? And I say yes and so he says maybe sometime we should work out together. So I shrugged. I mean, he was o.k. but I couldn't figure why he'd be interested. I mean he had money, right? I wear two, maybe three pairs of jeans, a t-shirt and a leather jacket when it gets cold but this dude has all these designer lewis and shirts and scarves and boots and leather coats and vests and sometimes he comes in a Porsche... I mean I just figure he has to have some kind of angle or somethin', right? But, I went to work out with him anyway. Just one time.

But it was cool ya know. No, really. It was o.k. We got to do that a lot of times. We would just work out together and then, well listen... we didn't even shower together. We used to work out in the afternoon and I had to work in the park at night so I'd stay and take a shower by myself and he'd just get

dressed and go home. All very normal. I got to go 'cause the tape is runnin' out and I'm sposed to go to dinner soon anyway.

#### Fourth Interview

The doc says he thinks I'm "evading the truth." Nice phrase Doc! I punched guys out for callin' me a liar. But I know you're tryin' to help and all. But to be honest about the work outs — it really was all very straight. I mean, I got nothin' to be ashamed of . . . uh. Sometimes he would . . . uh . . . give these, like shows.

He would flex his biceps at me, and then kind of pivot and let me get a back view. Then he'd stretch his right leg. Then his left leg. Then he'd peak his pecs at me — peak and relax and peak — you know, like some kind of Mr. America contest which he said maybe he was trainin' for. But he couldn'ta made it. I mean, he just wasn't that big.

I was a hell of a lot bigger but I was gettin' kind of thick around the gut 'cause . . . was always layin' around with the ladies instead of workin' out all the time so I said, what the hell, I'll work out with him.

And then, like I said, we started giving these shows for each other. Nothin' faggy about it — just two guys buildin' up. Sometimes we measured each other's arms and legs and stuff. No feelin' around or stuff like that — just we'd measure how much my waist was shrinkin' or how much his biceps was swellin' after he'd worked out and, you know, once in a while he'd pat my ass or make a pass at my cock or somethin'. It was just in fun and I'd yell at him or somethin' and then maybe we'd start to wrestle around.

All very innocent. Just like we'd get into it and he wasn't so bad as you might think bein' a lot smaller than me and all. Usually I pinned him but still he'd put up a hell of a fight and once he pinned me — well a couple times he pinned me but it was only 'cause . . . don't care so I let him be the hell at it.

But then he started sayin' stuff like did I want to go party with him or did I want to come up to his apartment. I mean, what was I gonna do? He obvious wasn't no queer and, well, I was gettin' used to all that money. I mean . . . don't think he ever gave me money, but, well . . .

See, Allen was a very busy guy at the time and he didn't have time to do all the things that needed gettin' done — like buyin' food or washin' the car or stuff. So he'd just give me some money and I'd go out and take care of business for him and when I came back he'd tell me to keep the change. Which got to be a good amount, ya know, especially after I realized I was gonna get to keep it.

So then it was like I was doin' his shit work all the time which was really o.k. and a hell of a lot easier than workin' in the park so I kind of laid off there except for really big customers and I sort of moved into his apartment. But I don't want you thinkin' there was anything to that 'cause there wasn't. We each had a separate bedroom and I hardly ever even saw him 'cause I was always bringin' up ladies and everything and I had a regular lady except she turned out to be shit too — she don't ever come here to see me.

#### Fifth Interview

Shit! What a weekend we had here! Some guys tried to break out and, just for the record, I want it on tape I didn't even know about it ahead of time. I been tryin' really hard to keep Dr. K. happy and he even said I would get to use the gym next week.

Look, I'll be honest, I kind of like Dr. K. Not in no faggy way but, for a shrink, he's o.k. He even said we'll work out together sometime. Which I coub't 'cause he'd have to do it here and there really are some damn tough customers here. A guy fistfucked a nineteen year old the other day. The kid just wanted to suck him but he kept faggin' up to this big bl... but I guess I better not say who it was. Anyway, the kid's in the infirmary. Got his ass fixed a whole lot better than he planned on I guess.

Anyway, the story. The Doc's on my case again about evading the truth. Sometimes I'm surprised what he knows which is also why I kind of like him. He really is smart even if he don't know how a jail works. And I guess he does have pull.

Anyway the part about us havin' separate bedrooms wasn't exactly true. What I meant was that it seemed like we

had separate bedrooms 'cause lots of nights he didn't even come home or I didn't come home or else if we both did . . . we just slept.

And as far as girls go — it is true I had a girl up once, no two times but the second time Allen caught me and that didn't go down so good with him.

What the fuck, I might as well tell you that once in a while, not a lot, but, you know how horny you get when you're drunk. I mean real drunk? Well, sometimes we'd both get that horny and we'd . . . uh . . . we'd jack off and stuff. No big deal.

Just that I'd be workin' out or somethin' and Allen would be measurin' my thighs or . . . or you know. And I'd get sorta hard and then he sorta would get hard too and, I'd laugh at him and call him queer and he'd laugh and we'd wrestle and . . . and . . . at each other and . . . well we'd get very rough with each other tryin' not to get really hard so the other guy would see but . . .

Well, one time he yanked at my shorts and they kinda tore away and so he could see, well, I mean it was obvious and so I tore at his and . . . look, he was a very good looking guy, right? And I was real tired anyway so I just kinda laid there instead of tryin' to make sure he was pinned and he just started suckin' on my cock which, it's kind of funny I know, but it didn't seem odd right then. And anyway I just, well it felt good ya know, and so I was just layin' there and, see this funny thing is that lots of times when I cum I have to piss right afterwards and I was just sort of cummin' and I just started pissin' and . . . God it was wierd! I mean . . . it seemed real normal for him to suck me but then he started drinkin' . . . uh . . . Shit! This is really disgusting. Why do I have to tell you this stuff? I don't see what good knowin' about this stuff is gonna do to get me out. And when do I get to use the gym?

#### Sixth Interview

I quit doin' the tapes for a month 'cause it was really makin' me think I was maybe soundin' like a fag but Dr. K. says that what we was doin' felt natural and good so it was, and I got to admit that's what I always thought. I'll tell you

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the truth Doc, I wouldn'ta started doin' these again except you worked out with me that time I told you I had a good body, right?

Are you really gonna let other people hear this stuff? Somehow I kind of doubt it 'cause all these sexy parts don't seem . . . uh . . . don't seem quite professional, ya know? I mean, I was kind of surprised, you bein' married and havin' kids and all

Anyway here's the details you asked for. Allen had a huge cock. No two ways about it I told you mine was like nine and a half inches but his was really huge. And shit . . . it felt good I liked to hold it with one hand and rub his balls with the other. Or comb the hair on his chest with a thick hard brush. Really, I got so bad the he'd just be comin' in the front door and I'd have my hand inside his pants. Especially when he wore leather

And it felt good - damn good. But what I really loved was his hot, tight ass. It just feels good showin' in there and then kinda stirrin' up the fudge, ya know what I mean, and you just kind of slip it back and forth and, like had this way of layin' on the mals sideways and I'd come up behind him and put the old half-nelson on him only layin' down see, and then I'd sit on his ass, sometimes really rough and hard. And he'd a while I'd just jam it home and he'd scream and God it felt good! Squirmin' and sliding and . . . But after that things just got wierder.

See . . . I guess he'd been into this for a long time and he liked being the one on the bottom but he liked to break young guys in - I mean I found out later he was seven years older than me but he really didn't look it

But it just got wierder all the time. I mean I kind of got into the sort of worship but where he was on his knees in front of me and it always gave me this big power rush to piss on him but after a while he started calling me honey and queer and stuff . . . I really hate that shit! And one day I got really mad and kinda slapped at him but ya know I liked living there and I kinda liked throwin' a fuck into him now and then but . . . I mean . . . I'm really not . . . violent or nothin'.

Anyway I started to hit him and he just kept callin' me those names and I guess I got sort of nuts and started beatin'

him with my fists and I kinda forgot what was goin' on and then I guess I passed out or somethin'. Anyway when I came to, there was blood on the bed and I was real scared but then the door banged open and he came in carryin' a beer for me and he'd taken a shower and put some bandages over his left eye and everything was cool.

So then I figured out that he didn't really think I was queer that he knew that callin' me that stuff was gonna get me hot and mad so when I knew that, I wasn't really mad 'cause I knew he wasn't serious, but I pretended to be mad . . . if you know what I mean Does that make sense?

Anyway, that's when we started with the leather and the cigarettes and stuff. And when he started takin' me to the bars.

Listen Doc, if I do all the stuff you want, are you sure I'll get outa here sooner? Can I really work out in that little place by myself? I gotta quit now for a while . . . I'm gettin' kind of tired of this.

#### Seventh Interview

Alright Doc. Gotcha! No more personal references and stick to the facts

The facts are Allen started taking me to these bars, see. And these bars were full of regular guys - except they were queer! I kid you not Doc. Guys built like me - better! Shit, I won't lie to you. These places were packed with truck driver types. And cowboys and motorcycle dudes. Everything, man, and I was scared if ya wanna know the truth. All this leather and chains and guys cussin' each other and pissin' in beer cans and drinkin' it and . . . shit! It was very strange.

They had these rooms you couldn't see nothin' and here'd be these guys suckin' each other's tits and cocks and even fuckin'. I mean I thought Allen was practically the only regular guy in the world liked to get fucked and suddenly a whole room full of cowboys gettin' it up the ass. Very wierd.

But to be honest it was kinda nice too. What I like is I like to stand there drinkin' a beer and leaning against the hard brick wall wearing my leather jacket and pants but with both zippers open. And then I like somebody, I don't even give a fuck who, to come along and just start rubbin' on my tits and playin' with the hair on my chest and then just when he really starts gettin' into it I like to take his head and shove it down make him kneel in front of me, that's what I like. Worship me, pray to me

Then I like to have him suck it until I'm standin' there biting my lip so I don't come, just holdin' back right? And then when I can't take it anymore I just lift up my boot and he takes his lips off my thick juicy cock and I just kind of kick him and he moves on and I just stand there waitin' for it to go down a little before the next guy comes over.

Then when I'm ready again I got to piss so the next guy comes over I just let it go, ya know. Funny as hell if that wasn't what he was expecting. I like to force 'em to take it, ya know, then I let 'em suck me again

Shit I'm hard talkin' like this. I got a cell mate now, Doc. Didja know that? He's hard too. You are too fucker, I can see it. You don't think I'm comin' to you do ya? . . . well, get the fuck over here then if you want to suck it.

There that's a hell of a . . . wait a minute . . . let me . . . uh . . . let me just shut this damn thing off

#### Eighth Interview

Sorry about that Doc. Back to facts. Look, I really didn't mean to make you mad . . . I just forgot the thing was on. Shit! I couldn't believe the way you carried on when you heard it. Well, he's gone and I'm alone again. But - I know. No personal references

The facts are that that Friday night we were both plowed completely loaded. I don't remember where we were or who we were with - just that when we got home there was a whole bunch of guys from those queer bars. There were like ten or twelve other people and it's just a frame to blame it on me.

You're right about the burns. But I wasn't the only one who put them there. Allen was really into that and there was at least two other guys doin' it. It just sorta started innocent like. We was smokin' and then some guys started puttin' out their cigarettes against his arm and stuff and then later singin' his cock hair. And tits



When I first knew him the clamps were good enough but then it got to be stickin' pins in 'em - and those gold earring things. Then even knives. I stuck him once or twice and even cut him but you got to know he'd been doin' that shit for months and he liked it. That's the important part. He liked it! And if he was maybe a little more burned than usual it was only 'cause we was all so stoned and stuff.

You said you don't understand how if I wasn't queer I would get into that. Well . . . hey! Don't knock it till you've tried it. I saw your eyes light up when you heard that last tape. And hell . . . this cell ain't that small. What . . . all of a sudden I don't have no cell mate and then you're sittin' next to me and rubbin' your leg against mine and all that shit.

And as for bein' personal doc... I ain't never thought you wanted this for no panel. You want this so's you can take it home and beat off to the sound of my voice. Don't give me that shit about personal stuff - why not mention the showers in that private gym? Or why the fuck shouldn't I say anything about you makin' me take that soap and...

You loved sucking my cock didn't you? You loved raking your fingernails across my thighs and my ass cheeks and your tits. And how about that licking my boots shit? For you love when I put my dirty boots on your ass cheeks on your knees drinking my piss and licking my feet.

But you're scared ain't you Doc? You're scared the other shrink's'll find out. Find out you're a pervert homo faggot. You're scared your wife in New Jersey or wherever the hell it is will find out, scared your little kiddies are gonna come home from their precious little parochial school and find out their daddy likes to suck cock and drink piss and have his ass fucked.

Ain't you scared Doc? YOU HEAR ME DOC? YOU MOTHERFUCKIN' BASTARD, DO YOU HEAR ME? YOU AIN'T FOOLIN' ME DOC. I AIN'T THE SICK ONE, DOC

How dare you ask me how I could get into it, I didn't get into it. And only me get's stuck with the blame for it. You're pushin' too hard Doc, You're pushin' a real man Doc, not no queer. You can only go so far, That's what Allen found out.

Sure you found the burns and sure he was bleedin' when you found him. He had it comin' Doc. He'd already sucked me three times and he wouldn't let me alone.

You like them words Doo? Suck? And Fuck? And Cock?  
Y... Y... Y... I like it all, I like it all, I like it all.  
front of me drinking the sweat off my balls, being covered  
with my piss and even though I'd just come I was still hard  
and he was suckin' me and callin' me honey and queer bait and  
all that shit and I warned him, I said, Allen don't say that shit  
in front of all these people. And all them queers sitting there  
laughin' and thinkin' I was just like them . . . so I hit him and I  
kept hittin' him and I couldn't stop and those other guys  
started hittin' too.

There was that guy with the red baseball cap and the beer gut that started whippin' him. I never whipped him. Never. It was that guy caused the welts on his ass and chest. Fact I passed out after I cum and I come to for a minute and the guy with the cap had just shit on him and he was eatin' it and ovin' it too. Underline that in your goddamn report Doc! LOVIN' IT!

Fuck man, I told you I cum three times and I just didn't want no more of it. I ain't no religious freak or nothin' but I . . . I just felt . . . dirty. I hated it. I hated him and his goddamn money and the things he wanted me to do all the time, I HATED IT DO YOU HEAR ME COCKSUCKER? I HATED IT AND I HATED HIM! And then he pushed me too far

I was passed out. Fuck, man, I was just sleepin' and I woke up and I had me a simple fuck and ended up with me a fuckin' wild. He was tryin' to fuck me! ME! DO YOU HEAR ME DOC? HE WAS TRYIN' TO FUCK ME! The fuckin' asshole thought I'd go along with that shit but I was terrified. I mean I was really scared, I just never was into that at all and . . . well, the asshole hadn't tied the bonds very tight and I was really crazy and I found his titty knife that he liked so much and . . .

HE HAD HIS COCK IN MY ASS DO YOU HEAR ME? There wasn't nothin' else I could do. I cut the ropes and started beating him with them. I kicked him with my boots and started hittin' him and I was cryin' because I wanted to be his friend and not kill him but I had to kill him and I was

hittin' on him as hard as I could and he was just lovin' it. And I was gettin' more and more angry because he was lovin' it but I was also getting harder and harder and all those other guys was just watching and cheering and I took that chain and broke every tooth in his jaw and suddenly he knew I wasn't playin'. He knew he'd gone too far and he started gettin' back.

Which wasn't no good because like I told you I was bigger than him. So I picked him up and I threw him at the wall tryin' not to kill him just to knock him out so he'd leave me alone. I tried to get up, but he was on me. Right away, on me. I kind of fell on him when I tried to pick him up and I wanted real bad for him to suck me but I was afraid he'd bite it. I just shoved it in his ass and when he started bleedin' it only made me want it more and I had one arm around his neck like we always did the half nelson and the knife was in my other hand and I guess I just got carried away is all. But those others was just watching and cherrin' and now it's supposed to be all my fault. It was just self-defense is all.

Look -- I was cryin' 'cause I was tryin' to cum and tryin' not to kill him but Christ! HE HAD HIS COCK IN MY ASS. And really I just wanted to be friends and I was cuttin' on his tits without even knowin' it and choking him at the same time and

Fuck, I can't remember. I just can't remember. I remember, kinda I remember he was sorta blue and there was all this blood but I was just too drunk and...

Christ Doc! You got to understand . . . You got to see . . . He was tryin' to fuck me. ME. Doc. Me . . . Look, it was self-defense. He tried . . . Listen, I ain't no faggot Doc. I'm sorry about those things I said about you. I really liked you a lot and I liked the time in the cell and the gym. And . . .

Doc . . . listen. You got to believe me. See, the thing is, I really ain't no faggot and I ain't no murderer. All I ever wanted was to have a good friend, you know . . . somebody to work out with maybe . . . or wrestle or somethin' but just a friend, see . . .

Doc, you gotta believe me. See, it's like al. I wanted . . .

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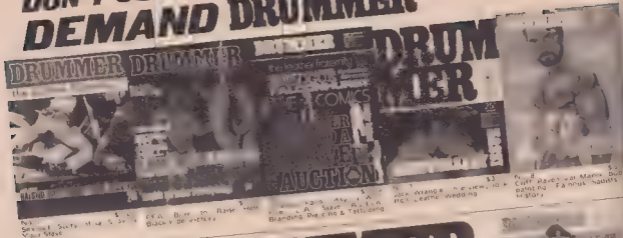
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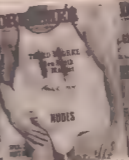
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measured (not a must) dog trainers  
who will force his fettered possession  
to wear dog collar and chain for  
exceptional licking jobs. Further  
training needed since on his hide and  
fuck his dog hole, you will get a  
wimpering, will-fet object. Try to ex-  
pand his limits. Anywhere in U.S.  
and Europe. D.W. Hecht, Erikast  
145, D-2000 Hamburg, 20, West  
Germany

## WEST GERMANY

Dutch guy, 30, blonde, 6'2", hairy,  
long hair, coming to the States in  
April and September wants to meet  
and correspond with Black Master.  
Into licking, sucking, w/s, getting  
fucked, etc. Box 106

## WEST GERMANY

German S, 42, 5'8", 140 lbs., mascu-  
line build, 14" cut, and once a week  
active masculine slaves 18-50, into  
S&M, humiliation and far out, kinky  
sex. Visit USA twice a year. Game  
master and equipment are awaiting  
visitors to Germany. Send photo.  
Box 206

**COLOGNE** SM 45, 6', white, 7  
uncut into either role, experienced  
and convincing masculine, slender  
and muscular, tends towards S role.  
Interested in meeting men into more  
than sex. Should be intelligent  
muscular, wear leather naturally.  
Should be my age or younger, not  
far from home. Travel to US occasion-  
ally. Box 121

**BERLIN** SM, 33, 6'2", white, 7"  
uncut, experienced, tend towards S  
role. can be switch for right guy.  
Travels to the USA several times a  
year. Want to mail/correspond with  
masculine men into leather, levis,  
uniforms and toys. Also want to  
meet guys with game rooms in L.A.,  
S.F. areas. Write detailed letter with  
photos. Age and endowment not im-  
portant, but no fets, fags, please.  
Box 134

**MUNICH**, SM, 37, 189 cm, 83 kg,  
15 cm uncult, muscular looking for  
men with beards or moustache, in  
leather or uniform, over 30, who are  
masculine, able to command or take  
commands. No fets, fags, unclear.  
Box 270

## KOREA

## ARMY SARGENT

who exercises real discipline daily  
and knows methods of interrup-  
tion wants to mail/correspond with  
like-minded individuals. What I give  
out I can also take. Box 256

## MONACO

## SOUTH OF FRANCE

Enema expert wanted with diet  
plate methods and humiliation for  
slave. Call 93 50 91 61. Write Box 90

## SWEDEN

Guy 29, 6', 185 lbs., muscular, hung,  
blond, blue eyes, goodlooking. I am  
50% M and 50% S depending on  
partner and situation. Dig up to  
heavy S&M scenes, bondage, whips,  
chams, farnes, dildoes, masks, gags,  
titwork, cock and ball torture,  
wrestling and fighting, but there  
no musts as to how the scene should  
be. Should be 18-40, but no  
phones, fets, fags, fags. Please  
answer with photo. Box 431

## MUST BE REALLY MALF

M, 30, can assume either role, inter-  
ested in a real man. Tends to be pas-

sive. No fets, either C. M. fets  
no sex toys (can trade w/s). No  
correspond with other Masters and  
slaves. Box 228M

## SWITZERLAND

33, 170 lbs, 6' brown hair, love  
chaps, lockstraps, leather levis, fuck  
n' FF, etc. active. Photo phone.  
Travel to the USA in 1980. Looking  
for macho stud (21-40) like  
visitors in Zurich, also. Letter with  
photo to P.O. Box 3025 CH-8023  
Zurich Switzerland

**ZURICH** 40, 5'6", 145 lbs. into  
dirty sex, oil, WS, cigars. Travel  
often in USA, seek roughy dudes.  
No heavy S&M, like short, husky  
guys. Box 936

## BODYBUILDER

Leather stud, 27, into heavy chest  
and big pecs, muscular asses would  
like to see photo of your ass. Mus-  
cled into leather straps, jocks  
and heavy action. Address: Buhlmann  
Nordstrasse 59 8006 Zurich CH,  
Switzerland

**GENEVA** Bottom 38, Fr act, Gr  
pass, tall, 8" m, accommodations, sex,  
bad and brutal. No fets. Come  
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phone in advance 0221 31 91 76

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**SAN DIEGO** hot man into eating  
rank, slime, ripe ashholes or bean  
fats. Box 475

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Box 469

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along with what you think I should  
be considered by us. Box  
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Anyone knowing the whereabouts of  
FLOYD LAWRENCE, AUTHOR  
of "DOWN BOY" please contact me  
at 415-864-3472. Robert Payne.

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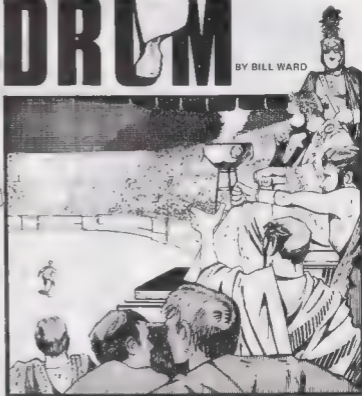
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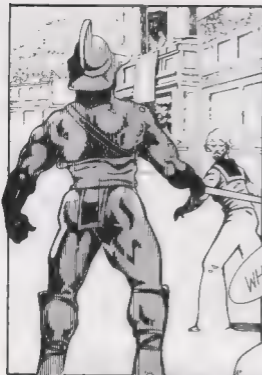


THE ADVENTURES OF

# DRUM


BY BILL WARD







# INTER 1980 NATIONAL LEATHER CONTEST



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# DRUMMER Reads The Books

*Pushing Ink: The Fine Art of Tattooing* by Spider Webb with Marco Vassi, photographs by Charles Gatewood and Spider Webb, Fireside Books (Simon and Schuster), oversized paperback, 190 pgs., 1979, \$8.95

## MARK OF THE MAN

Spider Webb is one of three extraordinary tattoo artists who have had a great effect on the current resurgence of interest in the art of body decoration. The other two, Cliff Raven and Lyle Tuttle, are equally treated in Spider Webb's interesting, informative, and very erotic book, *Pushing Ink: The Fine Art of Tattooing*.

*Pushing Ink* really covers the genre with authority. History, technique, variety and sexual overtones of tattoos are all explored with the expertise of someone who knows what he's talking about.

The tattoo is at the same time a very private and very public decoration. Unless removed, it lasts as long as the wearer. And it varies as much as the variety of people who submit to the tattooer's needle.

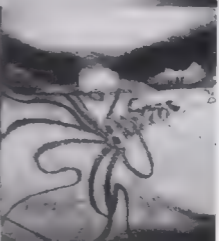
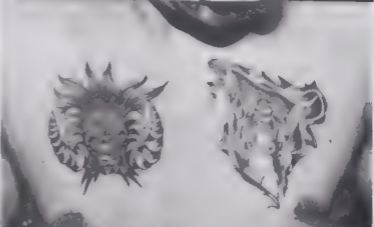
*Pushing Ink* illustrates, in both black and white and in color, hundreds of tattoos; from the simple jailhouse type to the complex bodycoverings that are identified with circus sideshows. There are tattoos on the familiar places, arms, biceps, shoulders, and an amazing assortment of not-so-common places, the cheeks of the ass, the thigh, the genitals, the head; in fact, any and everywhere the needle can reach.

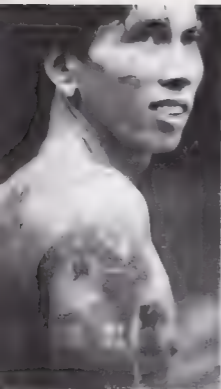
The symbology ranges from the standard "Mom" and "Love" to delicate but powerful Oriental and Eastern motifs, original creations, fantasy, highly-erotic portraits. From the X made famous by Charles Manson and his followers to the pseudo-religious samurai body decorations. The latter are probably the most visually rewarding of the images.

Basic information about tattoos is in abundance. From practical medical questions to the more important psychological ramifications of this form of body art.

All in all, it's the most complete, authoritative, and accessible account of the often misunderstood and highly mysterious art form.

Charles Musgrave





*The Body Decorated* by Victoria Ehn. Thomas and Hudson 1979 paper back \$6.95

The only complaint about Ehn's look at the ancestral origins of body decorating is that it's too brief. And while there are over 100 photographs in both color and black and white, there could have been more. The whole project could have been bigger, even higher priced.

What is there to windist, statir. Good

research, accessible writing, a serious but non-academic approach, and an ingenious blend of preserved art and modern photography.

By the time you get to the last page and the last photograph, you find yourself looking at a social evolution in the most personal of art forms, and seeing in the last photograph what is really the sum of that evolution. But it is an introduction, the interested reader is left to search out the brief bibliography at the end looking for that elusive name.

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## LETTERS

Continued from page 5

### OPERACYCLE

You might be interested in knowing this, it's the gospel. Being a member of the THEBANS MC of Miami; to show our versatility, two of our funkiest and most sought-after bikers go biking and on runs with their radios tuned to the opera. They are both opera and classical music fiends.

As for me, I went ape over your shaving issue (DRUMMER NO. 31). Some more pictures, please, but a full view from top to bottom, before and after. That asshole picture still has me turned on. I check it daily.

Name and Address Withheld  
On Request

### SHAVING & MR BENSON

DRUMMER is great, especially the shaving article (No. 32). Could we see more about shaving, shaved crotches, methods, etc? Also, I hope Mr. Benson lasts a long time, it is a grand story. Is there any chance I could become Mr. Benson's slave?

Enrico  
Switzerland

*(Editor's Note: Get in line, applications for service to Mr. Benson are piling up. As for closer shaved crotches watch in the next few issues.)*

### PROLONGED JACKING OFF

Your latest, DRUMMER RIDES A GAINI was fantastic. The Bound And Gagged photos were great - let's have more photos like that. Also, I really liked, but really freaked-out on Cavelo's Men. Wet dreams and prolonged jacking off is right! Give us more of his stuff, lots more.

Looking forward to your next special  
Your Loyal Subject  
in Vancouver, B.C.

### HOT CHOCOLATE

I've just finished re-reading issue 31 for the fifth time, and it's hot. But I want to add my protest to Mr. T.G. of Hartford, Ct (Barefoot Beef). Beach feet are no turn-on (what else do you wear at the beach - Florsheims?) I'd like to see some healthy stud's feet and read about the aroma of his man-feet. Tell our brother in Canada who wrote in issue 31 that there are other men who share his tastes, and more and more studs are discovering this pleasure too.

I'm constantly expanding my horizons, and I'd love to see new articles on C&B, water sports, sniff 'n' lick.

Also, let's add a little equal opportunity to some Black dudes in your magazine. I've had a Black lover for the past two years, and we both read your magazine. You had a short piece with some chocolate in your centerfold last issue, and I'd like to see that man stripped, with his legs spread wide, and his cheeks showing. As your readership expands, you're taking in new people who'd like to see everything that turns them on. Come on, add a little dark meat to the banquet.

F.N.  
New York City

More Letters on page 82

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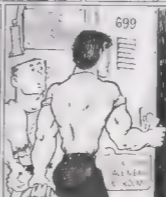
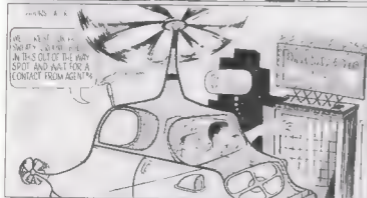
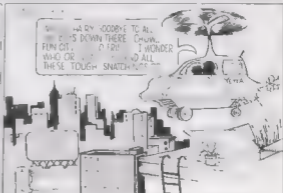
# HARRY CHES

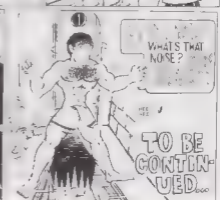
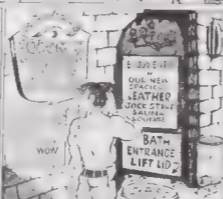
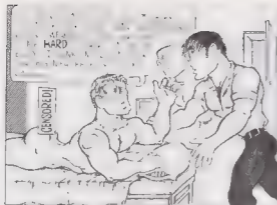
DRUMMER has made arrangements with QO MAGAZINE for their complete collection of everybody's ideal American Boy, HARRY CHES! It seems like a good idea to begin at the beginning of Harry's exciting history, and so we shall. These installments, along with the more current ones that DRUMMER has published, will, with any luck, be put together into a book of the COMPLETE HARRY CHES. Hot damn! Or as Mickey Muscle would say,

GEE!

THE CIA WOULDN'T TOUCH IT. J. EDGAR AND HIS BOYS(!) THOUGHT IT TOO DANGEROUS. THE GIRL SCOUTS WERE BUSY.

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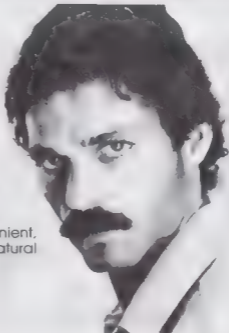
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**AL**  
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Leather Ed, 4812 Marlatt, Mira Loma, CA 91769 See Drumbeats ad in this issue

**HANS**  
Sweden

I'm into leather, motorcycles, horses, oil wrestling, bodybuilding. Heinz Swoboda, Postfach 500104, 4015 Munchengladbach 5, West Germany



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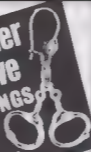
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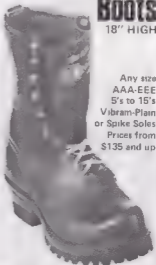
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# TOUGH



## Texas Truckstop

Somehow, I had landed in El Paso Texas, but fortunately for me I had Bob Dameron's Address Book. A little out-of-date, but so is El Paso. Thumbing through the pages of hot action places, I came upon El Paso's contribution two gay bars and a "mixed" hotel bar. Not bad. Wonder what kinky sex West Texans would get into? I could always get my rocks off, blow jobs were easy to come by. What I was looking for did not have a category. All I knew was it had to be different.

And that is exactly what I told the bartender after two or three drinks and watching the nelly Mexicans do their local camping.

The bartender suggested I drive out US 55, north into New Mexico, about forty miles; stop alongside the two-lane road; put the hood up on my car, take my shirt off, and wait for a trucker. This was their code for "come and get it while it's hot."

I had a few more drinks, gave a hohum glance around the bar and went out to my car, getting a hard-on from anticipation.

It was not much trouble finding the highway. It took off across the desert like a ribbon. Lonely, glistening in the moonlight. It disappeared over the horizon without another car in sight.

I drove about forty miles and pulled off the road.

The time was about 10 pm or later. Somehow I had managed to lose track. The night was crystal clear and refreshingly cool. There were a billion stars in the sky and in the distance the lone yell of a coyote.

After putting the hood up, I stripped completely to feel the cooling breeze through my legs. I was getting hornier just by fantasizing what might happen. My nuts began to groan.

The road was so straight and level, it looked unreal in the moonlight. I could see the glow of El Paso in the southern skies and forty miles in the other direction nothing but haunting darkness.

Out of the southern glow grew a tiny dot of light. It seemed hovered on the horizon for hours. The silence gave way to a vibration, which turned into a distant roar. The light had a bounce to it, and by shifting my glance, I could see a yellow glow. This meant a trucker for sure.

Pulling on my Levi's, I kept staring at the light. The closer it got the more it bounced. This guy was going full throttle. The roar filled the night stillness while separate headlights appeared framed in yellow. Just as he shot past me, I leaned over the fender of my car.

The wake of wind nearly blew me into the engine as little tornadoes curled down the shoulders of the road. I started to shake just from the force that had invaded the calm.

About fifty yards down the road, he slammed on his airbrakes and fishtailed to a stop. I could hear his door slam and footsteps approaching out of the dust, leaving behind a well-lit and running truck.

He was tall, about six feet, and slim. His cowboy hat shadowed his face but he walked as if he knew he was not. Without hesitating he leaned under the hood beside me with his arm around my waist. A man's face turned to me and said, "Horney? Let's get it on, I ain't got much time."

As I grabbed his crotch, his mouth unged at mine and his hands darted at my ass and hard cock. A bottle of amyl appeared out of nowhere and the desert air turned tropical. We were nude in no time.

As the lights thundered off into the night, I stood in the middle of the road, straddling the center line, naked, wet, swollen cock, loose ass, whisker burned body and a smile on my face.

Robert Baker

# TALES

## Sunsting

Last summer I was bored as hell, warm afternoon and decided to do something about it. I always love my body as often as possible and this time I decided to do it not far from my apartment. What I really like to do is expose my cock to the sun in hopes that it will tan and darken the skin.

This particular afternoon I put on a pair of cut-offs then walked the few blocks to the neighborhood park where a group of about 10 studs were playing basketball. It was hot as hell outside and none of them wore anything more than gym shorts and gym shoes. They were doing a lot of running around, their bodies were glistening with sweat. I was really getting excited by the thought of those muscular pumped-up bodies across the way from where I was sitting.

I had sat down on the grass behind a large boulder and could easily see over the top, without being seen. However, had any one of them come very close, he could have easily looked over the boulder at my exposed crotch. I could sit and stroke my hard cock while looking at those animals.

I sat in the midday sun, my body sweating and my cock bone hard. I had let it slip out from the bottom of my cut offs, along with my balls, and was soaking up the burning sun on this tender area of flesh.

The sound of the basketball thumping against the concrete court over and over and over again lulled me into sleep with my cock jumping and landing on the ground with each thump of the basketball. I closed my eyes and drifted off, thinking about the taste of those sweaty torsos.

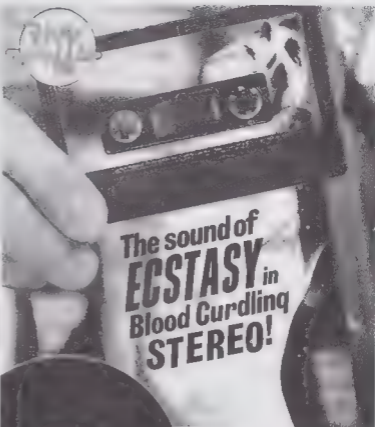
I felt a sharp tingle on the head of my swollen cock, not a great pain, but a constant sensation. I looked down and saw about a dozen red ants climbing over my phallus, crawling into the piss slit of my cockhead; their tiny stingers dipping into the red flesh of my dick. They were making my cock even harder, combining the sharp sting with the heat of the sun. Soon, I was in a state of frenzy.

I sat and watched the come start oozing out of my cock. The ants were exciting me to the point where I was coming without even touching my cock.

I slipped my cock, balls and all back into my shorts and laid back to sleep while the sun was setting.

When I got home, I slipped off my shorts and looked at the damage the ants had done to my cock. It was all red and swollen like it never had been before. And it stayed that way, and half-hard, for two days.

- R.J.



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## DRUMMER'S Party at the Bulldog baths

photos by Wolfgang

Drummer won't attach its name to just anything, so when the owners of the Bulldog Baths invited us to sponsor their opening night party, we had to go check the place out and make sure it lived up to the Drummer image. And you could tell it did as soon as you stepped through the door.

The Bulldog is the only place of its kind in the world, along with being the largest bath house in the world. And this is no disco twink heaven, no, Sir! The

Bulldog is strictly mansex with men in a man's environment. From the truck-driver to the prison guard, from the construction hardhat to the street cop; the motif of the Bulldog brings them all to life.

For once, someone has designed a bath house for the macho man's fantasies, a place where they can be played out (or lived through) enhanced by the surroundings instead of despite them.

Physically, its four floors are laid out

to grab the senses and direct them toward the proper channel. You enter on the second floor, confronted by the headlights of a semi-rig when you walk in the door.

Below you, and reaching up to the second level, is a two story prison tier that is so incredibly real (real cells, real bars, real toilets, real day-room atmosphere) that when you see a guard standing on the second tier looking down on you, you're ready to kneel down and



get prison-punked

A mid-level features the Bulldog version of a hot back room bar, complete with pool table, murals, a flashing neon sign, and a giant video screen that shows a steady stream of sports films. Below that is the Bulldog restaurant where proper nourishment is available at all hours. Yet another truck cab glares its head lights into the glass doors of the restaurant, which by this point, visually, is more a truck stop

There is an abundance of toilets (the private kind) with extraordinary graffiti and artwork, all created by New York artist Brooks Jones, designed to represent four decades of sexual erotica. Jones also created the amazing murals throughout the Bulldog, each seemingly alive, tableaux emanating from the shadows. In a lot of the private rooms, Jones has created glory holes that can be easily mistaken for the real thing (I did, and the super hung cock tasted amazingly like

wood)

On any night, The Bulldog is home of some of the hottest studs and most willing slaves in San Francisco. And Drummer's opening party for the Bulldog, pictured on these pages, included the hottest of the hot.

It's worth plane fare to San Francisco, no matter where you live

Chris Hobe!

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5" x 9 1/2"  
Pg 96  
DRUMMER  
MAG.

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ONE WAY } 24 st Bodoni  
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LOS ANGELES

1

# Men's Bar/Battle Scene '80

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We have gone to many sources in preparing this comprehensive DRUMMER guide, but most of our info came from you, our faithful readers. So we'd greatly appreciate hearing from you about any openings, closings, changes or moves in your area. Remember, an up-to-date listing only benefits you.

## ARIZONA

### PHOENIX

Connect on ..... 6211 N. 7th St  
 N.Y. Towne Saloon ..... 5002 E. Van Buren  
 Ramrod ..... 395 N. Black Canyon Rd.  
 Smith & Sea Athletic Club, 2822 E. Van Buren

### TUCSON

Dales Graduate ..... 23 W. University Blvd  
 Toole Box ..... 347 E. Toole Ave

## CALIFORNIA

### ALAMEDA

America Steam Baths, 1001 Santa Clara Ave

### ARCADIA (off 210 Pkwy)

Longbranch Saloon ..... 1919 E. Huntington

### FRESNO

RED LANTERN ..... 4618 E. Belmont Ave

### GARDEN GROVE

RON SPUR ..... 11086 Garden Grove Blvd  
 SADDLE CLUB ..... 8192 Garden Grove Blvd

### LONG BEACH

M. K. E. CORRAL ..... 2020 Arden Dr. Cherry  
 STALLION ..... 5823 No. Atlantic Blvd

### LOS ANGELES / HOLLYWOOD

Academy Restaurant, 6238 Santa Monica Blvd  
 Basic Plumbing (private club), 725 N. Fairfax  
 Blue Parrot ..... 8851 Santa Monica  
 Coral Club (private), 3744 Canogahe B. Vd  
 Delour ..... 1089 Mar. Anita N. Sunset Jct  
 Eagle ..... 7848 Santa Monica B. Vd  
 8709 Club Baths (private), 8709 W. 3rd St  
 Eleven Seventy Club ..... 1170 No. Western Ave  
 FALCON'S LAIR ..... 742 No. Highland  
 Hyperion Baths ..... 2114 Hyperion  
 The 1800 Club ..... 1800 Hyperion Silverdale  
 Jockey Trap ..... 5459 Hollywood Blvd  
 The Los Angeles Tool Co. (private), 1610 Santa Monica Blvd

Mannander ..... 692 So. La Cienega  
 Manzanita ..... 5328 Santa Monica Blvd  
 Meat Rack ..... 8621 Santa Monica Blvd  
 One Way ..... 1903 Hyperion Ave  
 ONE WAY ..... 612 No. Hoover  
 OUT CAST ..... 4219 Santa Monica Blvd  
 RUSTY NAIL ..... 1994 Santa Monica Blvd  
 Silver Saddle Spa (baths), 4354 Sunset B. Vd  
 SPIKE BAR ..... 7746 Santa Monica Blvd  
 Stud ..... 4216 Melrose Ave  
 2006 Bar ..... 2006 N. Hollywood St  
 Wranglers ..... 1641 Hyperion  
 YMAC ..... 7269 Melrose Ave

### LOS ANGELES / VALLEY

Glens Turkish Baths, 4653 Lankershim St., N.H.  
 Hayfort ..... 11819 Ventura Blvd., Studio City  
 Mag ..... 12336 Magnolia Blvd., N. Hollywood  
 Santa Monica Holiday Baths ..... 11435 Victory Blvd  
 The Serpent & Club Baths, 4109 W. Burbank St  
 The Signal ..... 10522 Burbank Blvd., N. Hollywood

### PALM SPRINGS/CATHEDRAL CITY

Dave's Villa Caprice (motel & spa), 670 Carey  
 An Old Friend (motel), 2830 N. Highway 78  
 Party Room ..... 67-977 Hwy. 111

### PALO ALTO

Bachelor Quarters (baths), 1934 University Ave  
 Whiskey Gulch Saloon, 1951 E. University Ave

### SAN BERNARDINO

SKYARK ..... 917 Inland Center Ct

### SAN DIEGO

Fourth Ave. Club (baths), 3955 4th Ave  
 The Hammerhead ..... 702 Lytton  
 THE HDLE ..... 2820 Lytton  
 The Hut ..... 2381 University Ave  
 The Iron Spur ..... 2734 Lytton  
 Shadows ..... 6035 Fairmount Ext

### SAN FRANCISCO

ARENA ..... 1381 Harrison St  
 BACK STREET & CO. .... 8th at Howard  
 Badland ..... 4121 18th St  
 BOOT CAMP CLUB (private), 1010 Bryant  
 THE BROTHEL HOTEL ..... 1500 Sutter  
 The Brig ..... 1347 Folsom  
 CHAINS (private), 8th at Howard (pale entry)  
 The Club San Francisco ..... 330 Ritch St  
 Cormier/Folsom St. Club (private), 330 Ritch St

Dave's Baths ..... 1389 Folsom  
 FEEB'S ..... 100 Broadway  
 527 Club ..... 1501 Folsom  
 The Gallion ..... 527 Bryant  
 The Gallion ..... 1808 Market  
 Glory Hole (private club), 718 14th St  
 Glory Hole (private club), 232 6th St  
 Hand Ball Express (baths), 978 Harrison  
 Hang-Out ..... 993 Harrison  
 I-Scream (disco), 1788 Haight  
 The Jaguar (private), 4052 18th St  
 Jiffy Bar ..... 1337 Post  
 Mid-City Sun ..... 506 Castro  
 Moxey ..... 409 9th St  
 P. U. N. O. ..... 11th at Folsom  
 P.R.M.O.D. ..... 1255 Folsom  
 The Slot (baths), 978 Folsom St  
 Sutter/Bathhouse (bikini), 1015 Folsom  
 THE RENCH (uniform bar), 164 8th St  
 21st Street Baths ..... 241 21st St  
 Watering Hole ..... 6th at Folsom

### SAN JOSE

Renegades ..... 393 Stockton  
 643 Club ..... 641 Stockton  
 Watergarden (baths), 1010 The Alameda

### SANTA BARBARA

Track Side ..... 215 State St

## COLORADO

### DENVER

Ball Park (baths) ..... 107 So. Broadway  
 Den ..... 1110 W. Colfax  
 Fox Hole ..... 2936 Fox, off 20th St  
 1942 Club ..... 1942 Broadway  
 Triangle Lounge ..... 2032 Broadway

## CONNECTICUT

### NEW MILFORD

The Answer ..... Route 7 (off 184)

## DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Club East 13 ..... 20' O' St. S.E.  
 EAGLE ..... 904 9th St. N.W.  
 Guy's Sports Lounge ..... 309 9th St. N.W.  
 Olympic Baths ..... 1403 H St. N.W.  
 69th Precinct (baths) ..... 70001 Blair Rd. N.W.

## FLORIDA

### DAYTONA BEACH

Landmark ..... 615 Main St.

### FT. LAUDERDALE

The Everglades Bar ..... 1931 So. Federal Hwy.  
 Gym Health Club ..... 3015 W. 27th Ave.  
 Tacky's ..... 2509 W. Broward Blvd

### JACKSONVILLE

Phoenix ..... 2069 Phoenix at 12th

### KEY WEST

Big Ruby's Inn (hotel) ..... 409 Smith Lane  
 CLUB KEY WEST ..... 871 Truman Ave.

### MIAMI

Clubhouse (baths) ..... 599 S.W. 8th St  
 Double "A" Ranch ..... 100 N.E. 2nd Ave.  
 Minershaft ..... 112 E. Miami Ave.  
 Pirates Den (baths) ..... 16091 Collis Ave

## ORLANDO

Parliament House (comedy) ..... 410 N. Orange Blossom Trail

## TAMPA

SPURS ..... 2201 15th St

## WEST PALM BEACH

Dude County ..... 520 Forrest H. Blvd  
 Men's Country Bar ..... 506 25th St.  
 Town Pump ..... 209 Datura

## GEORGIA

### ATLANTA

IP's ..... 581 Ponce de Leon Ave. NE  
 Bulldog ..... 1086 Peachtree

## HAWAII

### HONOLULU / (Downtown)

Question Mark ..... 43 S. Beret Ave

### WAIKIKI

Blowhole ..... 124 Kapahulu  
 Club Honolulu (baths) ..... 2270 Kalia  
 Cocktail Central ..... 330 Alimono  
 The Steam Works (baths) ..... 307 Lewers St

## ILLINOIS

### CALUMET CITY

MR. B'S CLUB ..... 806 State Lane

## CHICAGO

Baracks (baths) ..... 956 No. Clark St  
 GOLD COAST ..... 501 No. Clark St  
 Glory Hole ..... 333 N. Wells (O. Town)  
 Man's World (baths) ..... 4740 N. Western Ave.  
 Redcut ..... 65 W. Illinois  
 Steamworks Ltd. (baths) ..... 3131 N. Lincoln  
 Touche ..... 2825 No. Lincoln

## IOWA

### DES MOINES

Country Cove ..... 203 - 4th

## INDIANA

### INDIANAPOLIS

Body Works (baths) ..... 303 N. Senate Ave  
 Club Indianapolis is Baths ..... 341 N. Capital

## KANSAS

### WICHITA

Cattlemen's Assoc., Ltd., ..... 1734 Ida

## KENTUCKY

### LOUISVILLE

Seaside Territory ..... 116 E. Main St

# Men's Bar/Bath Scene '80

WESTERN / LEATHER / MACHO / WESTERN / LEATHER / MACHO / WESTERN / LEATHER / MACHO

IN CHICAGO, ITS

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COLUMBUS, OHIO  
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### LOUISIANA

#### NEW ORLEANS

Camp Baths . . . . . 513 Gravier  
Cane Baths . . . . . 738 N. Rampart  
Carnal Bar . . . . . 901 Bourbon  
Golden Lantern . . . . . 1289 Royal St.  
Round Up . . . . . 819 St. Louis  
The Snake Out . . . . . 940 Conti  
Tiger Lounge . . . . . 820 N. Rampart  
T.J. WEST . . . . .

### MARYLAND

#### BALTIMORE

Cub East Baths . . . . . 1105 Cathedral

### MASSACHUSETTS

#### BOSTON

Cub Boston Baths . . . . . 4 La Grange  
Chaps . . . . . 25 Huntington Ave.  
THE BOSTON EAGLE . . . . . 88 Queensberry St.  
Herb's Ramrod . . . . . 1254 Boylston St.

### PROVINCETOWN

BARS  
Atlantic House (Macho Rm.) . . . . . 4 E. Main St. in  
The Celler (Grown & Anker Inn) . . . . .

GUEST HOUSES  
The Captain & His Ship . . . . . 1-14 C. Main St.  
Fisherman's Cove . . . . . 14-17 C. Main St.  
Heritage House . . . . . 1-14 C. Main St.  
Sea Drift Inn . . . . . 8 Court St.  
Georges Inn . . . . . 3 Court St.  
Victoria House . . . . . 5 St. James St.

### SPRINGFIELD

Quarry (below the Pub) . . . . . 362 Dwight St.

### MICHIGAN

#### DETROIT

Cub Detroit Baths . . . . . 7646 Woodward Ave.  
INTERCHANGE . . . . . 1501 Holton  
Stephen's Saloon . . . . . 1743 Woodward Ave.

### MINNESOTA

#### MINNEAPOLIS

Big Daddy's (baths) . . . . . 3 N. 7th  
Happy Hour . . . . . 408 Hennepin  
Locker Room Health Club . . . . . 315 1st Ave. N.

### MISSOURI

#### KANSAS CITY

Runkhouse (baths) . . . . . 3109 Main St.  
Round Up . . . . . 703 W. 32nd  
Sundance . . . . . 3720 Broadway  
Windjammer . . . . . 1822 Main St.

### ST LOUIS

Gateway Saloon (in Bob Martin's Bar complex) . . . . . 201 S. 20th  
Club St. Louis Baths . . . . . 600 W. Kingshighway  
Stadium Baths . . . . . 201 S. 20th

### NEBRASKA

#### OMAHA

Diamond Bar . . . . . 516 S. 16th

### NEVADA

#### LAS VEGAS

Las Vegas Spa (baths) . . . . . 1130 S. Casino Ctr. Bk.  
Other Place . . . . . 5810 Paradise Rd.  
Sixteen Ten . . . . . 1610 E. Charleston Blvd.

### RENO

Cub Baths . . . . . 1030 W. 2nd St.  
Trapp . . . . . 501 W. 4th St.

### NEW JERSEY

#### ASBURY PARK

COLONY BATHS . . . . . 500 Summerfield Ave.

### ATLANTIC CITY (SEASONAL)

Ramrod (above Link Inn) . . . . . 174 S. New York

### BRICKTOWN

The Egyptian Baths . . . . . 3714 Hwy. 88

### CAMDEN

Club Camden Baths . . . . . 1498 Broadway

### NEW YORK

#### BUFFALO

Cub Buffalo Baths . . . . . 44 Alameda (amherst)  
Vile Capri . . . . . 926 Main St. Allan

### FIRE ISLAND - CHERRY GROVE/PINES

"Meat Rack" - Outdoor Action Area

Sea Shack . . . . . Cherry Grove

### FLUSHING

Northern Men's Sauna . . . . . 137-08 Northern Ave.

### MANHATTAN

Badlands . . . . . 388 West St. at Christopher  
Barbery Coast . . . . . 64 7th Ave.  
Beacon Baths . . . . . 227 E. 45th St.  
Boat Hill . . . . . 27th St.  
Boots and Saddle . . . . . 76 Chr. stopher  
Broadway Arms Baths . . . . . 218 W. 49th St.  
Call Block . . . . . 372 West 11th St.  
Chaps . . . . . 1558 3rd Ave. at 87th St.  
The Club Baths . . . . . 24 1st Ave.  
Dan . . . . . 858 3rd Ave.  
Dakota . . . . . 350 3rd Ave. at 37th St.  
Epic's Nest . . . . . 142 11th Ave. at 20th St.  
Eastside Sauna . . . . . 227 E. 56th St.  
Glory Hole (private club) . . . . . 139 11th Ave.  
Hill Breed . . . . . 168 Amsterdam at 68th St.  
International Stud . . . . . 733 Greenwich St.  
Kellers . . . . . 344 West St. at Barrow  
Main Man . . . . . 305 Columbus Ave. at 74th St.  
Man's Country . . . . . 28 W. 10th St.  
Minshaff (private club) . . . . . 532 West 11th St.  
Ramrod . . . . . 394 West St.  
Sauna Baths . . . . . 300 W. 58th St.  
Spoke . . . . . 120 11th Ave. at 20th St.  
St. Marks Baths . . . . . 6 St. Marks Place  
Tyr's . . . . . 114 Chr. stopher St.  
Wall Street Sauna . . . . . 1 Maiden Lane  
Wildwood . . . . . 308 Columbus Ave. at 74th St.

### ROCHESTER

Adonis Square . . . . . 92 North St.  
Bachster Forum . . . . . 1085 E. Main  
Roman Sauna Baths . . . . . 309 North St.

### NORTH CAROLINA

### CHARLOTTE

Cub South Baths of Charlotte . . . . . 708 South Blvd.  
New Brass Bar . . . . . 3513 W. Independence Blvd.  
Original Brass Bar . . . . . 103 W. Morehead

### OHIO

#### AKRON

Cub Akron . . . . . 1339 E. Market  
Stagecoach Inn . . . . . 299 E. Market

### CINCINNATI

Bed and's Territory . . . . . 419 Plum St.

### CLEVELAND

Cub Steam Baths . . . . . 1444 W. 32nd St.  
Cub Cleveland II Baths . . . . . 1293 W. 9th  
LEATHER STALLION . . . . . 2203 St. Clair Ave.

### COLUMBUS

The Loft . . . . . 622 S. High St. (above The Grotto)  
Tradewinds II . . . . . 117 E. Chestnut

### TOLEDO

Club Toledo Baths . . . . . 1122 Monroe St.  
THE RUSTLER SALOON . . . . . 4023 Monroe St.

### OKLAHOMA

#### OKLAHOMA CITY

Co grados . . . . . 3201 N. May Ave.  
Circas . . . . . 2201 N.W. 30th  
Crew's Inn . . . . . 272 N. W. 30th

### OREGON

#### PORTLAND

Cub Continental . . . . . 5315 N. Pa. Ave.  
Dan & Penna . . . . . 804 S. W. 2nd  
Majestic Hotel & Club Baths . . . . . 303 S.W. 12th St.  
Other Inn . . . . . 249 S. W. Adams  
Olympic Baths . . . . . 531 S.W. 12th St.  
Tavern ("Hill Moon") . . . . . 122 S.W. Yamhill St.

### PENNSYLVANIA

#### PHILADELPHIA

Barnek's (baths) . . . . . 1813 Sanson St.  
Call Block . . . . . 206 So. Camac  
247/Corral . . . . . 247 S. 7th St.  
Pari . . . . . 1705 Chancellor  
Westbury Bar . . . . . 271 So. 13th St.

### PITTSBURGH

Rathskellar . . . . . 1225 Mellon Ave.  
Schumer's Liberty Baths . . . . . 917 Liberty Ave.

### READING

Red Star . . . . . 143 N. 10th St.

### PUERTO RICO

#### SAN JUAN

Lion of St. Mark's Baths . . . . . 205 Calle Luna

# Men's Bar/Bath Scene '80

WESTERN / LEATHER / MAGNO / WESTERN / LEATHER / MAGNO / WESTERN / LEATHER / MAGNO

Man Street Bar . . . . . 257 Calle San Jose  
San Francisco Inn . . . . . 263 Calle San Francisco  
Ten Twenty Club . . . . . 1020A Ashford (Condo)

## TEXAS

AMARILLO  
The Old Plantation . . . . . 1005 No. Florence St.

## AUSTIN

Private Cellar . . . . . 1223 W. 6th St.

## DALLAS

The Crews Inn . . . . . 3220 N. Fitzhugh  
Sundance Kid . . . . . 4025 Maple  
Tex S Ranch . . . . . 5117 Mab  
W 10 Crowd Saloon . . . . . 2515 N. Fitzhugh  
Throckmorton Mining Co. . . . . 3014 Throckmorton  
The Locker . . . . . 1804 No. Harwood

## FT. WORTH

651 Club . . . . . 651 S. Jennings  
The Corral . . . . . 621 Hemphill

## HOUSTON

Brass River Bottom . . . . . 2400 Braros  
Locker . . . . . 1732 Westheimer  
Mary's . . . . . 1022 Westheimer  
Monticue Motel Co . . . . . 805 Pacific  
Ex n . . . . . 9-3 Britt  
2706 Club (Gy) . . . . . W. Bath  
The Hilltop Ranch . . . . . 6800 S. Main (Frontenac Plz)  
Silver Phoenix . . . . . 302 Avenida of Mason

## LUBBOCK

Warehouse Lounge . . . . . 2404 Marshall

## VIRGINIA

## NORFOLK

Paddock Tavern . . . . . 125 W. Plume St.

## WASHINGTON

## SEATTLE

Cave S Baths . . . . . 2402 1st Ave.  
JOHNNY'S HANGOVER BAR . . . . . 2018 1st Ave.  
MARSHALL'S OFFICE . . . . . 1274 Howell  
Zodiac Club Bath . . . . . 1117 Pike St.

## WISCONSIN

## GREENBAY

Man Hotel . . . . . 207 So. Washington  
MILWAUKEE  
Cub Milwaukee Baths . . . . . 704-A W. Wisconsin  
On Broadway Health Club . . . . . 198 N. Broadway  
WRECK ROOM . . . . . 266 E. Erie

## AUSTRALIA

## ADELAIDE

Pulteney 431 (Sauna Club) . . . . . 431 Pulteney

## BRISBANE

179 Club (baths) . . . . . 179 Edward St

## MELBOURNE

Caulfield Sauna 1 . . . . . 4820 Glenhenty Rd  
Caulfield Sauna 2 . . . . . 259 Collins St  
Crane Saloon (Chevron Motel) . . . . . 519 St. Kilda Rd  
Spa Guy (baths) . . . . . 553 Victoria St

## PERTH

Male Sauna Club . . . . . 38 Roe St

## SYDNEY

Baracks Bar . . . . . 12-14 Challis Ave. Potts Point  
Barrel . . . . . 12-14 Challis Ave. Potts Point  
Club Baths . . . . . 12-14 Challis Ave. Potts Point  
Kens Kerale Club (baths) . . . . . Kensington  
King Steam (bath/sauna) . . . . . 127 King St  
No. 80 (coffee shop below/game room upstairs)  
Little Oxford St. near Taylor Square  
The Roman Bath . . . . . 250 Pitt St  
S and Bar . . . . . Crown St. near William  
253 (bath) . . . . . 253 Oxford St. Darlinghurst

## BELGIUM

## BRUSSELS

LJ Bar . . . . . 42 rue de la Grand Vie

## CANADA

## MONTREAL

Continental Montreal (baths) . . . . . 456 Le Gauchetiere  
Bud's . . . . . 1250 Stanley  
O'Donnell Square Tavern . . . . . 1243 Metcalfe  
Joe Bee's Tavern . . . . . 201 de la Commune  
Monarch Cafe . . . . . 164 St. Catherine St. E.

## TORONTO

The Barn (L&D) . . . . . Church & Granby Sts.  
Ruddy's Backroom Bar (Behind Crispin) . . . . . 64 Gerrard

Barracks, Ltd. (baths) . . . . . 56 Wildner St  
Club Baths . . . . . 231 Mutual St  
Dudes . . . . . 10 Broadbawke St. (behind Parkside)  
Parkside Tavern . . . . . 530 Yonge St  
Roman Sauna . . . . . 740 Bay St  
Terminus Baths . . . . . 600 Bay

## VANCOUVER

The Garden . . . . . 1233 Hornby  
Hastings Steam Baths . . . . . 745 E. Hastings  
Playpen South (weekend Aft) . . . . . 1365 Richards  
The Richards St. Service Club  
Check Playpen So. for Shaggy Horse

## WINNIPEG

The Office (bath) . . . . . 1060 Main St

## DENMARK

## COPENHAGEN

SLM Kobenhaven (private) . . . . . Schacksgade 9

## ENGLAND

## LIVERPOOL

The Gazebo . . . . . Duke Street

## LONDON

The Coleherne . . . . . 261 Old Brompton Rd  
Festival Club . . . . . 2 Byones Place

## FINLAND

## HELSINKI

Redway Restaurant (Second Floor) . . . . . Kruusiyhtyankatu 108

## FRANCE

## PARIS

Le Keller . . . . . 14 rue Keller

## GERMANY

## KOLN

Platzabbeek . . . . . 22 Matthiasstrasse

## BERLIN

Knollie Bar . . . . . Bundesallee 48

Buddy Bar . . . . . Dulsburger Strasse 11

## HAMBURG

Chaps Bar . . . . . Weitmannerstrasse 24  
Tom's Saloon . . . . . Pulversteich 17

## HOLLAND

## AMSTERDAM

Argos Bar . . . . . Wermoesstraat 95  
Cafe Flore . . . . . Kerkstraat 4  
De Snijker Bar . . . . . Kerkstraat 246  
L'eglantier Hite Sauna . . . . . Eggenhoedstraat 246  
Hotel Anco . . . . . O. L. Voorburgwal 25  
Hotel Orfeo . . . . . Leidsestraat 14  
Rob (leather/toy shop) . . . . . Winter ngchans 273  
Viking Club . . . . . Reguerdewassstraat 17

## ROTTERDAM

Cosmo Bar . . . . . Schiedamsse Singel

## ROERMOND

Bar Sinderhannes . . . . . Swalmestraat 42

## NEW ZEALAND

## AUCKLAND

Bliss Bar (Great Northern Motel) . . . . . Bottom of Queen St  
Empire Tavern . . . . . Victoria St West/Nelson St  
Janssens Doree (sauna) . . . . . 945 New North Rd. Mt. Albert  
Victoria Spa (sauna) . . . . . 64 Victoria St. West

## CHRIST CHURCH

British Hotel Bar . . . . . Port Lttleton  
Dorian Society (private) . . . . . Port Lttleton  
Passport Lounge (Cantabrian Hotel) . . . . . Manchester St

## WELLINGTON

Royal Oak Hotel Bars . . . . . Cuba Street  
Sud Sauna Baths . . . . . 116 Wakefield St

## SCOTLAND

## EDINBURGH

Kensworth Bar . . . . . Rose Street

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# HEADQUARTERS



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# Tough Swit

## TIME MAGAZINE Bias, Please!

Although gays have made the cover of *Time Magazine* on three separate occasions (the latest when *Time* decided it was perfectly all right to be gay), their advertising department takes a dim view of even the most ambiguous pro-gay advertising. *Althea Magazine*, a Florida-based gay lifestyles publication, submitted a nondescript subscription ad only to be turned down without explanation by a Ms. Lane Griffith, who is on the Copy Acceptance Committee.

In light of the above incident *Drummer* has decided not to advertise in full-color on the back cover of *Time Magazine* for the next year.

## NORMAL SEX

A 23-year-old student died naked and bound with rope at his flat in Maida Vale, an inquest heard recently. Returning a verdict of accidental death, coroner Mr. Gavin Thurston said, "This is a very frequent happening, particularly with more intelligent young men, and this was a very intelligent young man doing well in his profession. It was an absolutely typical sexual masochistic incident and does not suggest any abnormality."

Paddington Mercury

## MIZ LILLIAN REGRETS

Lillian Carter, the president's mother, attended a fund-raising benefit held in swank Beverly Hills for the Los Angeles Gay Community Services Center. When Lillian stepped out of her limousine at the function site, reporters asked her if she was embarrassed.

"No, of course not. Of what?"

She was told that the affair was to raise money for gay organizations.

"Her 'no, not at all' was followed by a quick, 'Is that what it is?'"



## FESTIVAL WHIPPING

"...his love a carnival. Recently, 10,000 of them gathered for a public whipping of 27 men who had broken various Islamic laws, ranging from drinking liquor to patronizing whorehouses. Islamic law forbids both, along with just about anything else you can think of doing on a Saturday night."

The prisoners were brought to a huge arena decorated with bright balloons and paper streamers and the obligatory Persian rugs. Except for white briefs, the

pillories and caning was administered by two prisoners whom had been given life sentences by the religious courts.

Spectators booed the cries of the flogged men, which were amplified to the crowd by way of microphones attached to the pillories near to the prisoner's mouth. One man, who accepted his beating without uttering a sound was cheered by the onlookers when he raised his chained hands in a victory salute while being led from the whipping post. A good time was had by all.

S.F. Chronicle



## SORRY, GUYS

Why bother with a jock strap when your side has lost the pennant? Wally Bruno, jock strap, comforts team players after the Argonauts lost the Grey Cup final to the Edmonton Eskimos in Canada's 1979 NFL season. It may not be the first time footballer Bruno has waved his bouncers in his teammates' faces, but it was the first time the Canadian press printed a photograph usually reserved for the cutting room floor. And this from a country that bans DRUMMER as being obscene. Talk about fat asses.

photo from La Presse

## SPANKER GETS IT IN THE END

**PITTSBURGH** A former bank manager who admitted spanking delinquent loan customers was sentenced yesterday to three years in prison for misappropriating more than \$88,000 in bank funds.

U.S. District Judge Paul Simon sentenced David Rhodes, former manager of a Beaver branch of Centurion N

Rhodes, a Baden, Pa., resident, said he administered spankings in his office as punishment to more than 50 men who were delinquent

on loan payments.

"I never had any trouble with them afterwards," said Rhodes.

But Rhodes told the court he was forced to make eight unrecorded loans totalling \$88,268 when six of those who were spanked threatened to report his actions to his superiors.

One of the six, none of whom has been charged, demanded more money or "he was going to make it out as a homosexual activity," Rhodes told Simmons.

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VOL. MCMLXXIX...No. 1

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## HOT FLASH HITS HOLLYWOOD!

IN TENT INCENSE TOO INTENSE?

Rudy Rates RUSH a Rave

HOLLYWOOD, Monday, June 1—They're saying it was "heat prostration", but insiders know better! Production on Desert Song, Valentino's latest hysterical heart-throb for Cinegram Studios, had to be suspended last week. According to a studio press agent, it was due to "adverse weather in the Mojave." Temperatures rose rapidly all right, but it was a different sort of sunstroke.

According to our confidential source, it seems that The Sheik arrived late one evening for a moonlight desert take. The Great Lover impatiently told the production crew to "Get a rush on". One prankish makeup man promptly uncorked a bottle of RUSH Liquid Incense and spread it around the set. Rudy was supposed to begin the scene by giving some sultry starlets the air, but what came next was definitely not in the script!

The entire cast and crew put in for overnight overtime. The tent was in tatters, and even the pillows were plastered. It's too bad they never got around to putting film in the cameras!

What effect will this have on future production? No further comment was available from Cinegram. When cornered in the studio cafeteria, Rudy only smiled and said: "I'm glad I didn't come early. We'll have to get more RUSH for the next take."



To get your RUSH Liquid Incense or Sensual Body Lubricant by mail order, see our coupon on page 22 of this issue.